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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

SPEECH OF FERNANDO WOOD

At the Great Copperhead Peace Meeting in New York, Wednesday, June 3.

We have fallen upon evil times. We have lived too long, if we have outlived our country. Indications admonish us that the American Union has been severed, and it may be forever. Disguise it as we may, candor compels the admission that our once proud republic has fallen from its exalted height. It is now prostrate. Decried, insulted, and without a second-rate position abroad—rent asunder by fearful civil war at home—ruled by despotic power on principles of partisan hate, and upon theories of government utterly antagonistic to those upon which our institutions were founded—we stand before the world an object of wonder, contempt and ridicule. These facts are not referred to in a spirit of reproach, but anticipate the record of history, and shall leave to others to fix the responsibility. I reproach none. It is not difficult to charge error or wrong-doing after the accomplishment of results. All of us can see causes for misfortunes that have occurred better than we can provide a preventive. "It is human to err, it is divine to forgive"; and, while easy to commit error ourselves, it is difficult to overlook it in others. With these sentiments I am disposed to alleviate the national woes rather than indulge criticism upon the causes. I would do something to extricate the country from its terrible calamities. The effort, however feeble, is ennobling. Even the attempt, if made in good faith, is worthy the highest intellect and the most elevated patriotism. I regret that, of the many of this character of which America has boasted, who have honored us in the several departments of human progress, none have arisen at this time for this blessed mission. Heretofore, in every age, great national exigencies have produced the man for the occasion. As the Almighty "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," so has he heretofore provided the instrument by which great national results have been accomplished for the advantage of humanity. As yet, He has not vouchsafed this favor to us. No man equal to this crisis has appeared—neither in the field, nor in the Cabinet; nor in the many elevated spheres of private life, has the man presented himself with the brain, the heart and the courage to seize and work out the great political problem now to be solved in our case, and to utter sufficiently the truths of reason with the force and power equal to the pending crisis. Those who have the intellectual ability have lacked the nerve, and those with the nerve have lacked the ability. But here is another wonder: that in this civilized population of over thirty million—North and South—abounding with benevolence, purity, cultivation and enlightened Christianity, none are found to raise the banner of Peace. Among the thousand spires which rear their lofty turrets to a benignant God, not one covers a pulpit devoted to the true principles of Christ, and proclaims "On earth Peace and good will toward men." As if the opposite constituted the whole duty of man—war, bloodshed, and rapine are encouraged, and "all uncharitableness" taught, as if to mock the spirit of the "meek and lowly Jesus." Those whose professions should instil the kindlier methods of settling human controversy have been foremost in the race for human sacrifice, forgetting that war and hate are the children of Satan, and that peace and love are the emanation of the Divine Spirit. I have looked upon this with wonder, and have said: "Oh! Israel, if this be your God," I am not surprised that the country and the church are alike going to ruin, and that God has withdrawn his countenance from each. Now, without believing that my feeble voice and influence can accomplish much toward averting this revulsion of our political and social system, I should be recreant to every impulse of my heart and to every cherished principle of my life, if I did not throw myself into the breach to do whatever in me lies to impede, if not stay, this avalanche of general destruction. Without the ability to do much, I have not the temerity to attempt much, but whatever I can shall be done to bring the American people to a realization of their present perilous condition. With this spirit and this determination I throw myself into this cause, and in the language of Senator Benton, when he presented a proposition to the United States Senate, with little hope of its immediate success, amidst the general indignation of his compeers, "Solitary and alone, I put this ball in motion." That proposition was to expunge the resolutions from the records of the Senate which placed a mark of condemnation upon the illustrious Andrew Jackson. Though contemned and decried then, it finally succeeded amid the approving plaudits of the whole American people. So with this. Though now to be denounced by the open enemies of the Democratic party from without, and to be yet more violently opposed by so-called Democrats from within, yet, nevertheless, it must finally triumph, not only amid the approving plaudits of the American people, and, indeed, of the friends of human liberty, progress and self-government throughout the world, but of the very angels of heaven themselves. Benton's effort was to restore the fair fame of a gallant hero; mine will be to restore the amity, harmony and salvation of the best institutions ever devised for the government of men. Recently overawed by the people at the ballot-box in New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio and Illinois—recently, as if to make one more effort to absorb every department of the government—executive, legislative and judicial—they went further, violently laying hands upon that noble tribune of the people, Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio (great applause). And, following up that base act, virtually and in effect, without even a decent recognition of the proclamation of martial law, it has here, within twenty-four hours, suppressed a noble Democratic paper, the Chicago *Times* (hisses, and applause for the Chicago *Times*). But throughout the West to-day, gentlemen, not with the same privileges and honest rights which are left to the meanest subject of the proudest despot in Europe, the people there stand trembling upon the precipice, hesitating whether to rise *en masse* and exterminate these war satraps, or quietly to submit at the grave of liberty which is being dug for them (applause). And this night, at this moment, the city of Chicago may be in flames. There has been assembled, this night, one of the largest and most resolute and determined gatherings of the people of Chicago, in front of the office of the Chicago *Times*, protesting, with stentorian power, against this military usurpation against the rights of a free Press (applause and cries of "Good"). And I know the character of the Western people; if I understand the character of the men at Chicago, they possess the spirit of the men of New York (tremendous applause). I dare and defy the Administration to send to the City of New York their Gen. Burnside (groans for Gen. Burnside). And here in the name of these assembled thousands and tens of thousands inside and outside of this hall, I request the Administration to give Gen. Burnside this district (deafening cheers). And if this conflict must commence, I want the powers that be to try their hands upon us (renewed applause, confusion, and cries of "Order"). Fellow-citizens: I may have uttered the language of treason (applause and laughter). I have certainly said more than the language uttered by our lamented, glorious friend Vallandigham, who was stricken down (here the confusion and cheering for Vallandigham was so great that the last portion of the sentence was not understood). And I may be the next glorious martyr upon the altar of my country's freedom (applause, and Voices—"No, never"). I ask your attention for a moment until I relate to you an anecdote of Washington. (A Voice—"He was a traitor, too, they say.") Gen. Washington, when a young man, was, as we all know, a planter upon the Potomac River. He had a fine, large plantation. He had a neighbor who owned an adjoining plantation with whom he had a dispute as to the boundary line between the two. His neighbor was a tyrannical, despotic, resolute man, and probably conceived that he was the owner of the disputed territory. Washington—honest, resolute, not desirous of interfering with the rights of others, yet firmly believing that the title to the disputed line was in himself—one day was out walking, with his faithful servant by his side—and in these times, my friends, it was the practice to go through these large areas accompanied by an armed servant. Suddenly Washington found himself right upon the divided and disputed line, and he beheld before him his enemy, the claimant for the disputed line. The claimant stood before him armed. With a rifle in his hand, he says to Washington: "Sir, go back; don't you dare to cross that line." Says Washington calmly: "I will cross it." The enemy took his rifle and cocked it; says he: "Sir, if you cross that line, I will kill you." Washington coolly turned to his man; says he: "John, do you hear what he says? He says if I cross that line he will kill me. John, I intend to cross that line; when he takes aim, you take aim (applause and laughter); and, John, when he shoots me, you shoot him" (applause). Now, my friends, the application that I make is, that when one of your own fellow-citizens—be it the humble individual before you or any other—shall be taken in the discharge of his rights and in the maintenance of them, do you strike down the tyrant that does it (great applause, and Voices—"That we will"). I declare for peace and as preparatory for peace, am in favor of a cessation of hostilities, that propositions may be made or accepted, which shall conduce to, or result in, an amicable adjustment of the causes which led to this war. I am not for a peace based upon the final separation of the States—but for peace as the only means which will lead to restoration, and am opposed to, and until the popular voice of the country shall declare for it, shall continue to oppose any movement which has for its aim the breaking up of the glorious old Union under which we have lived and prospered for over three quarters of a century. Upon this occasion I have not the time to go into an extensive analysis of the grounds upon which I can sustain my demand for a cessation of hostilities. The address and resolutions which have been submitted and approved, cover them fully. I will however, submit ten propositions, each capable of elucidation, which, upon other occasions, I will attempt to maintain. These are:

1. The war should cease, because it should never have been commenced, inasmuch as there is no coercive military power in the Federal government as against the States, which are sovereign, and in possession of all power not delegated. If power or coercion exists at all, it is legal, and not military.

2. Because there was no necessity for it. An amicable adjustment of the questions in dispute could have been, and can be still, procured on terms of fairness and equality.

3. Because, however legal and just at the commencement, it has been diverted from its ostensible original purpose, and made a war for the abolition of slavery and the extinguishment of the Southern States, as such, which, of course, as a consequence, subverts the government itself.

4. Because it is made a pretext for the most outrageous and damnable crimes against the liberty of the citizen, the rights of property, and even against the form of government under which we have lived.

5. Because it is creating a stupendous public money debt, which must bear down labor, destroy capital, and finally cause national bankruptcy and dishonor.

6. Because in the military it is establishing a new and dangerous power, which already overrides the Courts and the Constitution, and which history teaches when once firmly established becomes permanent, despotic and tyrannical. When military law subverts the civil law, liberty departs forever.

7. Because there is neither in the civil nor in the military departments of government any man or men of sufficient mental power to successfully prosecute the war against the vastly superior statesmen and generals of the South.

8. Because the commercial wealth of the country, derived from foreign trade, and largely enhanced by Southern products, must gradually disappear if this war continues. As yet, artificial stimulants have supplied the defection of sound mercantile resources; but time must dissipate them, and then will follow a reaction terrible—overwhelming and annihilating.

9. Because the popular enthusiasm necessary to conduct the war and supply the failing armies has subsided. Force, by a draft, cannot supply the indispensable requisite. Republicans who have grown up with the idea of personal freedom, and right to political opinions and action, cannot be so suddenly changed as to become willing instruments of power, and be used effectually against their own convictions of policy and right.

10. And, finally, because experience should admonish us that the overruling power of God is against us. We cannot succeed in what we have undertaken. Hence every dollar expended is thrown away—every life lost is little less than murder—every acre of land laid waste is so much toward national impoverishment—and every day's continuance of war places an additional barrier between us and reunion, and drives another nail in the coffin of the Republic.

My friends, need I say more? Need I attempt the elucidation of these premises? The mere statement of these positions, without argument or illustration or reference, of itself proves the the case. "Truth is mighty and will prevail"—and hence let these facts, thus briefly, though feebly expressed, go forth to the world as the *avant courier* of the returning reason of the American people. The war must cease sooner or later! This is an accepted fact, and why continue the conflict in the face of this overwhelming array of reasons for its immediate discontinuance? It is madness—because to do so is suicidal and criminal. All who are parties to its continuance participate in the responsibilities. They are *particeps criminis*, and before the expiration of another Presidential term, will hide their heads in shame, penitence and contrition. May the Almighty change their hearts and their morals, and return their reason. May He deem the sacrifice of human life—the fell destruction of property—and the general devastation which has laid waste the fairest portion of our national inheritance a sufficient atonement for the national sins we have committed, and may peace, unity, prosperity and fraternity be once more restored to us, that we may transmit the institutions of our fathers unimpaired to our posterity. Fellow-citizens, be calm, prudent and thoughtful! Liberty is cowering behind passion, and power is dallying with her there. Prejudice is dethroning reason, and raising an oracular temple upon her ruins. Stupidity mocks at calamity and reproaches patriotism. Pandora's Box is open. Men of New York, be firm. Define your position, and maintain it. Let no idle gasconade come from you to insult the hopes of your bleeding country. Liberty is the high mark, the first object—maintain that, and then restore the Union. A drowned man may be resuscitated; his friends will apply restoratives, and they will do it promptly, calmly, earnestly, and they will do it so long as there shall be the least indications of existing vitality, however feeble and doubtful. So with our country. If it is worth anything, it is worthy every sacrifice we can make for its restoration, which must come speedily, or life is extinct.

[The following is a statement of the resolves at the Copperhead meeting at which Fernando Wood spoke:]

The resolutions declare fealty to the Constitution and to the sovereignty of the States and of the people; that, under the Constitution, there is no power to coerce the States or any of them by military force; that the war is contrary to the Constitution, and should be put an end to; that attempts to do away with the provision of the Constitution, which points out how crimes are to be punished, are high-handed violations of the sworn duties of our rulers; that the claim of dictatorial and unlimited military power and trial of citizens by courts-martial are monstrous and execrable; that the dogma of unlimited submission to the Executive branch of the government is unworthy an American citizen; that we protest against the cowardly, despotic, inhuman and accursed act of the banishment of C. L. Vallandigham; and that we recommend a suspension of hostilities, and the holding of a convention to settle the manner of recognizing the contending sections; and the meeting, in addition to the adoption of these resolutions, recommended the appointment of a State General Committee, to call future conventions of the peace Democrats.

Selections.

THE SCOURGED BACK.

From The Independent.

Among the Oriental legends respecting Christ, there is one to this effect: Arriving one evening at the gates of a city, he sent his disciples forward to prepare supper, while he himself, always interested in his fellow-men, walked through the streets to the market-place, seeking for an occasion of doing good. In a corner of the square he saw a crowd of people gathered about some object that lay on the ground. He drew near, and discovered that it was a dead dog with a rope round his neck, by which he appeared to have been first strangled and afterwards dragged through the dirt; a viler, a more abject, a more unclean and disgusting thing never met the eyes of man. They who stood by—they were not many, for the sight was too sickening to look at long—gazed on the miserable carcass with loathing. "Faugh!" said one, "what a stench! It pollutes the air!" "How long," said another, "shall this creature offend our sight? Where are the scavengers to put him away?" "Look at his torn hide," exclaimed a third; "you could not make a child's shoe out of it." "Yes, and his ears," cried a fourth "all cut and jagged and bleeding." "See the flies swarming about him and licking his wounds," added a fifth. "Hung for thieving, I suppose," suggested a sixth; "wretched cur!"

Jesus heard the remarks of the bystanders, but only said, as he looked down at the dead animal, "How white are his teeth! whiter than any pearls!"

The people turned toward him in amazement, and said among themselves, "This must be Jesus of Nazareth, for no other could see beauty in a dead dog." And, hanging their heads, they went their way.

This lovely story jumped into our minds as we received from Baton Rouge the photographic likeness of a slave's naked back, lacerated by the whip.

Another humane office of the photograph! We have long blessed it for strengthening family ties, and endearing kindred to one another; we bless it now for quickening the larger sentiment of humanity, and making us feel tenderly our brotherhood with the humblest. We have long been grateful to it for keeping in the light those we knew; we are grateful to it now for dragging forth to the light those we knew not, but ought to know. The fact stands before our eyes in this picture, that there is nothing covered which shall not be revealed, nor hid which shall not be known. The poor slave shows his wounds in New York, and "the instrument can't lie." Deny the evidence of the sun, who can?

It is a terrible showing. This man was whipped—whipped, oh hideous to think of! when crazy, at Baton Rouge, in the month of October, 1862. The eye of the sun fell on the camera which transferred his torn skin to the paper, on the 2d of April, 1863, five or six months after the scourging, when the frightful laceration was partially healed, and only scars remained. But what must the whipping have been to leave such scars! The back looks like a plate of iron, eaten by acids and corroded by rust; or like a walnut-table honey-combed by worms. From the shoulders to the waist, great welts and furrows and ridges, raised or gouged by the lash, run crosswise and lengthwise, mingling in the middle in one awful mass of scab. Bits as big as the hand seem to have been cut out of the flesh. No wonder that, at this distance of time, the man looks thin and ghastly, though he was a strong man, and must be a man of fine physique and presence. The shoulders are broad; the muscles of the back firm. The left arm, the only arm visible, is long and sinewy. The head is well placed, and the profile—not a profile of the extreme African type—is full of manly energy. A strong short whisker and beard give power to the jaw which needs no such evidence to show its manliness, for resolution and force are stamped on the whole formation of the face. We look on the picture with amazement that cannot find words for utterance. Amazement at the cruelty which could perpetuate such an outrage as this; at the brutal folly, the stupid ignorance, that could permit such a piece of infatuation; at the absence not only of humane feeling, but of economical prudence, of common sense, of ordinary intelligence, displayed in such frantic thoughtlessness. Among what sort of people are such things possible? For ourselves, we really cannot imagine. Doubtless the people among whom such a deed was done could stand by, like the critics of the dead dog, with only jeers and curses for the "nigger." "Lazy hound!" we hear them saying, "it serves him right. Wanted to run away, I suppose! insulted the overseer! would not work! had a copy of Uncle Tom in his hat! Stole something from his master! Wanted to be free! Won't do it again, I guess. Such fellows ought to be whipped to death!" What would Christ say, if he were near?

The significant point is, not that such brutality is exercised on a man, but that it is exercised on such a man. If he were a Bomba, now, or another senseless despot, who "erected atheism into a form of government; who contributed to mankind nothing but poverty, and wretchedness, and sin," one's indignation would subside to a mild form of disapproval, that the punishment of a criminal should assume so savage a form. If he were an unscrupulous statesman, who used his fellow-creatures like pawns on a chess-board; if he were a mean-spirited politician, who made it his business to spread nets for his fellow-creatures, to cheat, and to mislead, and devour them for his profit, our sense of the barbarity of the infliction would be considerably mitigated by the reflection that, on the whole, he got no more than his deserts. Or, if he were not so bad as this; if he were simply a useless or not promising member of society; if he were simply an unproductive consumer, a fop, a dandy, an elegant lounger, a city swell—if he were a common rake, a debauchee, a driver of fast horses—our pity for the sufferer would not be aggravated by the thought of severe personal indignity and degradation; you would not grieve for manhood outraged, or a high spirit broken, or a great social class dishonored.

But this humble man, this poor man, this untaught man, this down-trodden man, this *working* man, this negro, represents the laboring class. He is a tiller of the soil, a cultivator, a servant of King Cotton; one of the most useful men in the community; a man who eats little and toils much; a man who is nine-tenths production, and only one-tenth consumption. They scourge his back! Because he won't work? Neither will Bomba work. Neither will his master work. What right have you to say whether he shall work or not?—whether he shall work here or elsewhere, at this labor or at another, for this or for that employer?

But why won't he work? Has he not the cravings of other men? Has he not a mouth to fill, a back to clothe, a head to shelter, children to provide for? Would he as lief starve as be fed, shiver as be warm, stand exposed to the elements as be under a roof, see his children die as see them live? Is he inaccessible to the ordinary motives which act as stimuli to the working powers of mankind? Does he care nothing for the rewards? Is he deaf to praise? Do offers of sure and adequate wages make no impression on him? Then he is less than a beast. *Can* he be less than a beast and have the form, the organization, the habits of a man? Yes, he may be: for humanity bestialized is worse than bestial: but if he is, it is ye who have made him so, ye nobles of the cowskin, ye aristocrats of the cat-o'-nine-tails, ye nabobs of the pickle pot and the brine-tub! Man may be less than man, as woman may be less than woman. How much less than men, then, are they who work the desecration?

Were any beast of burden treated as this noble-looking black was treated; were any ox, or horse, or mule so beaten that his wounds were ghastly at the end of six months of effort on the part of nature to heal them, his owner would be execrated by every one of his neighbors. But they who can beat a man thus, put him lower than an ox, a horse or a mule—and his deed is *therefore* not abhorred. The best treatment the black man gets at the hands of his master is the same that is bestowed on the spaniel: a bone with a little meat on it: a spot of shade to lie in; a caress which is an insult; an indulgence which is a degradation. The worst he gets is NOT this lacerated back.

It is this ignoring of humanity that we complain of: this utter failure to preserve the manhood of man; this utter scorn of the truth that God has made of one blood all races to dwell on the face of the earth; this mode of testing humanity by the color of the skin; this assumption of the bestial in all that is not white; this carelessness as to whether the negro will work for wages like other men, whether he can improve, whether freedom will be to life and to his master, and to all concerned, a boon or a bane; this stubborn recklessness in regard to all the considerations that enter into the treatment of white laborers; it is this we raise our cry against. It is this that makes this little card-picture such an awful symbol. We remember with pity the agony of the poor victim; but that pity is soon lost in the horror that any man, for no sin, unless a consciousness of his manly nature be a sin, for no crime, unless the love of liberty be a crime, for no vice, unless self-assertion be a vice—should be scourged as no brute beast is ever scourged. We remember with bitterness the senseless folly that thus wastes the resources of the working-man, and cripples the limbs on whose power and activity the country's wealth depends; that infuses distrust and hatred into the relation so important, so delicate, so sensitive which exists between employers and employed, and dishonors the class that ought by all means to be encouraged to feel a sense of dignity and worth. But this bitterness though it curls nostril and lip, leaves no trace on the mind, as we consider the atheism which pretends to believe of any creature made in the human form, that the whip will make him do what reason, affection, interest, will not.

The black man with the scarred back is the type of the slave system, and of the society that sustains it. It typifies the pride of race and the contempt of labor. This card-photograph should be multiplied by the hundred thousand, and scattered over the States. It tells the story in a way that even Mrs. Stowe cannot approach; because it tells the story to the eye. If seeing is believing—and it is in the immense majority of cases—seeing this card would be equivalent to believing things of the slave States which Northern men and women would move heaven and earth to abolish!

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

[The London papers by the Persia bring us reports of this Anniversary, from which we make the following extracts:]

Lord Brougham did not take the chair at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, which was held in London on the 22d of May. Mr. Buxton, M.P., said that a letter had been received from Lord Brougham, stating that no one was to blame for putting him forward as the Chairman who was to have presided at the meeting, but he thought it better not to take the chair, as more consistent with that neutrality which he thought ought to be observed by every one in the contest now going on in America. The following letter was also read:

Legation of the United States, London, May 21, 1863.

Sir: I am directed by the President of the United States to acknowledge on his behalf the reception of the proceedings of a special meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society of the 19th of January last, which were transmitted to him through the medium of this legation. It gives him pleasure to observe that these proceedings are distinguished by an earnest desire that peace may now and forever be preserved between the United States and Great Britain; that the Union of his own country, which is the bulwark of its safety, may be maintained, and especially that it may not be overthrown so as to give room to a new nation to be founded on the corner-stone of human slavery. I am further directed to say that the justice of these sentiments, as well as the confidence in the President, which is expressed in the proceedings, would entitle the subjects of Great Britain who constitute this meeting to a special, grateful, and fervent notice on his part. His sentiments on the subject involved have, however, been so fully expressed in replies which have been made to the working men of Manchester, to the citizens of London assembled at Exeter Hall on the evening of the 29th of January last, and to the citizens of Bradford, that, instead of repetition, he prays that you will consider the spirit expressed in them as equally entertained in the present case.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant.

Charles Francis Adams.

Mr. Charles F. Buxton, M.P., moved the following resolution:

"That, in the opinion of this meeting, the abolition of slavery, declared to take place on and after the 1st of July next, in the Dutch West India Colonies, and in 1876 in all the trans-marine possessions of Portugal; the emancipation of the serfs in Russia; the total cessation of the African slave trade to Brazil and from the Portuguese provinces in West Africa; the new slave trade treaty with the United States government granting a right of search; the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, its prohibition forever in the Territories; the recognition of the negro republics of Hayti and Liberia and other measures which the United States government has initiated in furtherance of Emancipation, claim signal and grateful recognition of the friends of human fredom in all lands, and are acts calculated to encourage them to unabated and united efforts to obtain the total and speedy extinction of the slave trade and slavery wherever they exist.

He said that after some remarks which had been made by some of the speakers, he wished to state that he did not in the least degree recede from the views which he had all along entertained of the events that had taken place on the other side of the Atlantic, and that he still, as much as ever, lamented and disapproved of the conduct of the North in its endeavor to subjugate the South by force of arms (marks of disapprobation and some cries of "Hear"). He was sorry to differ from so many excellent friends, with whom, on other points, he had hearty fellowship, but of course it was competent for one man to take one view, and another another of these great events (hear). It showed the sound feelings of the working classes on the subject of slavery when they saw them so carried away by abhorrence to it that they had become blinded to the other views of the case (interruption) He (Mr. Buxton) was not going to argue this question, but it did seem to him that a war which had plunged that continent into ruin and desolation—which had caused the lives of half a million of men—was to be lamented (interruption—and a Voice—"Who began it?"). He only wished to make these remarks to guard himself, but at the same time it was impossible to look at what had taken place in America without feeling more and more encouraged at the prospect of the ultimate abolition of slavery (cheers). He himself confessed that on one point he was wrong. He looked at first with the utmost possible apprehension and anxiety upon the proclamation of Mr. Lincoln. He thought it but a tendency to rouse the slaves to rebellion. He knew the horrors that had taken place in the risings of their own slaves in the colonies, and he therefore regarded with some anxiety the prospect of a revolt, which would be fraught with unspeakable miseries and calamities. All these apprehensions had proved to be vain (cheers). The negroes had shown that patience, that wonderful forbearance, that spirit of forgiveness, which was always characteristic of these races, and had not brought on themselves and others those calamities that were feared. Happily, they saw day by day the cause of abolition extending itself over that continent. They found that wherever it was possible the negroes had shaken off their bondage, and had undergone cruel sufferings and bitter trials in order to make their way under the Federal flag (cheers). It was most gratifying to find that the offer of the President to supply funds for the redemption of the slaves was bearing fruit, and that the great State of Missouri was every day advancing toward the light of perfect freedom. The great point to establish was that the negro worked as well, and better, under freedom than under slavery. People would never allow that their experiment with their West India possessions had been successful; but that arose, he thought, from ignorance (cheers). He himself had examined the matter very carefully, and he believed that the circumstance that the masters were deprived of their capital and were consequently not able to pay the negroes wages, accounted for the state of affairs which prevailed for some time there. Now, however, their West Indian colonies sent home £6,000,000 worth of sugar cultivated by the free negroes: but besides, the experiments that were going on in the United States must attract the attention of the slave-owners. They found that a large number of negroes had been selected to act as soldiers for the United States, and had shown bravery and steadiness under heavy perils, and he only wished that greater opportunities had been given them to show the good stuff that was in them (cheers). They had also been employed in works connected with the camp and other public operations, and there was no complaint of their refusal to work or showing any desire to wallow in idleness. But in addition to these experiments, there were numbers of free negroes employed in the cultivation of cotton and sugar, and although sufficient time had not yet elapsed to show the full results of the experiment, so far as it had gone there was every reason to believe that the negroes were steady industrious and submissive and that nothing in fact was wanted to make the free negro work except that he should be paid regularly (cheers). Slavery was in all respects ruinous to the country in which it existed, and the only plea advanced for it was that as the negro would not work for wages it was necessary to make him work by the whip. That plea was being disproved in the presence of the slave-owners themselves, and it was becoming every day more manifest that it was more economical to pay a negro a fair day's wages for a fair day's work than to keep him and his children in bondage (cheers). It was gratifying that after so many tedious years of effort, Holland had at last declared her slaves free; they could not also but rejoice that the great Emancipation in Russia was being carried out without any of those disturbances and convulsions which its ill-wishers had predicted. It was also a gratifying thing that such a deadly blow should have been given to the Spanish-Cuban slave trade by the treaty with the United States, and that the flag of the United States would no longer protect the slave ship (cheers). With the increasing love of freedom and the increasing abhorrence of slavery, which, in spite of all drawbacks, was still spreading over the heart and conscience of the world, they might look to see that greatest of all curses, the Spanish-Cuban slave trade abolished (cheers). The slave trade with Brazil, to which, a few years ago, 70,000 negroes used to be carried annually, was now abolished. He earnestly hoped and believed that they would see the abolition of slavery spreading more and more over both continents of America, and the light of freedom growing more and more toward the perfect day.

A SHORT CUT TO SALVATION.

It is plain we have not yet arrived at that stage of war when defeat begins to be an unmixed disaster. Never was the proverb truer, [illegible] that "knowledge by suffering entereth"; and if the past two years have been to us an unsparing schoolmaster, we are none the less beholden for every stripe we have received. Not one could we have dispensed with, not one which has not borne us wholesome fruit. Indeed, personal accountability aside, that bloodiest scourge of all, the hero of the Peninsula, may be reckoned our most undoubted benefactor, and not less necessary to our moral success than the first Bull Run retreat to our military. So Pope's campaign in Virginia, Banks's in the valley of the Shenandoah; so the unhappy slaughter at Fredericksburg last Winter, were invaluable aids to the education of people and government, in whom they confirmed the growing principle of hostility to slavery to a degree which is marked indelibly by the proclamation of January first. And now again we sit down defeated. Be the blame where it may, in the men who fight or the men who lead—in the army of the Potomac, in Hooker or Halleck—our arms are once more baffled, and the Confederacy still stands. What follows? Is freedom driven back, or, as has hitherto happened, is not slavery after all the main loser, and never so near its doom as in the seeming hour of victory? Had the President's proclamation covered the whole slave territory, and swept the accursed system by irrevocable law from the entire land, then might we deem a repulse in the field an unquestionable loss to the cause of justice. But not until that day arrives can we fail to shudder at a too early triumph, or not to be comforted even in the bitter hour of discomfiture.

One broad ray of hope slants athwart the dreariness of the present prospect. The speech of Adjt.-Gen. Thomas, in Arkansas, and the consequent instant organization of a dozen regiments of freedmen, are encouraging signs of the healthiness of the Administration, and the ultimate prophecy and proof of the downfall of slavery. Join to these new forces those already recruited or recruiting in New Orleans, Port Royal, Newbern and Massachusetts, and we may fairly estimate our colored allies by the first of September at 50,000 men. Unhappily there is a meanwhile, in which perhaps four times as many white troops withdraw from the service. An ever vigilant foe is ready to make our necessity his opportunity, and to bridge the season of famine with victory. In defence, we resort to the tardy process of conscription, exposed to the wilful hinderance of the factious, and the unavoidable delays even of the loyal. Now is the time for that military necessity which justly bereaves our Northern hearths for the preservation of the nation, to complete its settlement of the irrepressible conflict, and to ensure the freedom of what it preserves. The Border States, like every dog, have had their day. Suppose now we take our turn. Suppose Mr. Lincoln should say to them: "Gentlemen, you have stood in the way of this war long enough. At the outset, while you were the immediate bone of the controversy, I offered you the weightiest inducements to link your fortunes forever to those of the North. You declined to sell out your slaves, though I warned you that the hour of barter might not return again. I now have a new proposition to make, and not so much a proposal as a determination. This time I take your slaves, and fix my own price upon them. They are 'henceforth and forever free.' The young, the decrepid and the aged, together with the women, will be protected in their rights, and encouraged to support themselves by systematic labor. I enroll the able-bodied freedmen in the army of the United States, as soldiers and as citizens to respect and have recourse to the same laws as yourselves. If there is aught in this that you deem unpalatable, you will please remember who rendered this course inevitable."

Gen. Burnside's order, distinguishing between the blacks in Kentucky liable to and exempt from the application of the Fugitive Slave law, and the recent fugitive case from Maryland, adroitly evaded at Washington, show clearly enough that speedy action is necessary to avoid the most shocking collisions and contradictions in our national policy. Make these impossible with a stroke of the pen. Raise as large an army of freedmen as the Border States can evoke. Put Fremont at the head of the column, and send him southward; and Mr. Seward may prophesy, this time with absolute certainty, the ruin of rebellion, home treason and slavery in thirty-six or ninety days!—W. P. G.—*Liberator*.

FALSE SCENT—ANTAGONISM OF RACES.

A case of color at Antioch College has furnished much consolation to the Democratic journals throughout the West, and has brought out a general display of that humanity which elevates its own nobility by brutal insolence toward the weak and defenceless. It was reported that a girl attending the College had a mixture of African blood, whereupon a number of students began to assert the purity of their blood by the baseness of their breeding, and staid out of their classes in order to force the expulsion of the girl. The Democratic journals sympathized. It was game just high enough for them. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* had an article on "the antagonism of races," showing the prejudice against color to be one of the noblest and most ineradicable instincts of our nature, just as in the Irish riots against colored laborers it had a ponderous article arguing "the right of society to exclude undesirable elements." Drawing on its imagination for its statements, it described the College as established on the idea of unity of race and universal human brotherhood, and that "the Administration and its party had determined that the negro shall be free, equal and enlightened," "the faculty, ambitious to have a hand in the great work, and to win a name that should resound through the whole earth, determined to embark in this enterprise of negro elevation," for which purpose they had sought out and "introduced a female colored student from Oberlin, to try the experiment, and learn how her kind would be received."

A letter from the President of the College punctures this flatulency of the imagination. He says a female student of Indian descent came, without invitation or previous knowledge of any member of the Faculty, and applied for admission. She presented testimonies of a good moral character, passed a satisfactory examination, and in accordance with the custom of the College, was admitted. Meeting the whole subject squarely, the President says:

"If she had been Africo-American instead of Americo-American it would have been the same. Some of the students, in their sensitiveness, mistaking her Indian traits for negro, became alarmed and staid out of their classes, evidently thinking that for the sake of compromising with them the Faculty would send the obnoxious student away. Finding, however, that the Faculty was not to be moved in this way, and not willing to leave the school, most of them [illegible] the Faculty, acknowledged the error of their course, gave written pledges of good behavior for the future, pleaded conscientious convictions, and those who wished were permitted to select studies in other classes. The Faculty have not in this case, nor ever before, specially introduced colored students,' but no aristocracy of wealth, sect, sex, or complexion, has ever been established here, to exclude any student of good morals and competent attainments from the privileges of the school. The Faculty have neither taken a new position nor receded from any which the antecedents of the College have established. They have neither the right nor the disposition to do it."

Of course if the girl is Indian, it puts an entirely different color to her complexion although nothing but the unknown pedigree makes the difference. The students went off on a false scent and showed that they cannot distinguish the quality they pretend to be so sensitive about. The Democratic journals are satisfied, for since some of the first families of Virginia have boasted of their Indian blood, the Democracy have regarded a mixture of it as rather superior to the pure white, although the Indian in his natural state is by no means a wholesome object, and has almost none of the susceptibility of the black race to civilization, and is vastly inferior to the blacks in that primary test of capacity—the preservation of the race.

It would seem that the hostility to the blacks must be a prejudice to nature. It cannot be a moral sentiment, for they who foster it are, as a rule, lacking in moral sentiments. This is a striking instance. *The Enquirer* affects an extreme nicety in the matter of complexion, yet it is so regardless of morality as to make this elaborate misrepresentation of a public institution of high character, coined entirely out of its own diseased brain. Yet the prejudice cannot be in nature. The fading complexion of the blacks refutes that. This shows that nature is not repellant; therefore the prejudice must be artificial.

Suppose "this antagonism of races is instinctive and ineradicable," as *The Enquirer* says it has insisted; suppose it is a thing of nature and exists strongest in those whose moral perceptions are lowest; what then? Is it a thing to be aided by legal ostracism and oppression, fostered by malignant agitation and misrepresentation, and incited to hostility? Is that the part of the nobler race toward the inferior? Even the brute races could not exist if governed by a principle so barbarous. Is the negro prejudice the first prejudice of race in the world? It [illegible] compared with an [illegible] religion that have existed for ages under the same government. It is young and feeble compared with the prejudice against the Jews; and a kindly feeling compared with the ancient antagonism of Catholic and Protestant.

There are besides plenty of antagonisms of race in this country, which occasionally run to an attempt at imposing constitutional disabilities; and such a proposition is now before the rebel Congress in the form of a bill to exclude all foreigners from citizenship. Suppose the principle of *The Enquirer* were made a principle of government, and all popular antagonisms that may be called ancient, and therefore instinctive and ineradicable, should be made a basis for legal exclusion, or for disabilities that would make the race with the strongest prejudice against the rest the governing class; what kind of a democratic government would we have? What a magnified and thorough knownothingism have we here laid down as a noble principle, founded, like Falstaff's courage, on instinct, under the transparent pretext of antagonism of race. As *The Enquirer* remarked of the principle of legal disabilities, "we feel a little tenacious on this point," of making any antagonism of races or nationalities a ground for exclusion, for "the doctrine that governments may improve society," by narrowing the governing class, is openly advocated in the South, and our observation of the Democratic party, and the present sympathy between it and the leading rebels, lead us to the conclusion that whatever is advocated by them will be accepted by the Democratic leaders in the North.

BLACK MEN IN EUROPE.

We have received at our office a visit from a young gentleman of African blood, born in Brooklyn, who has just returned from Germany, after spending four years there in the study of medicine. He comes home as well educated as his fellow-students of whiter hue who sought, with him, the advantage of foreign study. He mentions that he never received an insult on account of his color during his whole foreign residence. On the contrary, he was everywhere treated with marked courtesy, invited freely into the best society, and in fact was everywhere a great favorite. This gentleman comes home to his native city to find that his fellow-citizens of the same blood are mobbed in their workshops for no other crime than the color of their skin. He finds in New York that he can ride only in certain cars assigned specially for "colored people"—though this insult, we are happy to say, has not been organized into a custom in Brooklyn. He finds that, after attending the best concerts in Germany, at which, when he chose, he paid for and occupied the best seat in the house—he cannot go to the Academy of Music without meeting the sneers of the bad-mannered men and women who make up our so-called good society. He cannot hire a pew in the broad aisle of a fashionable church, but must sit under the gallery, out of the way. After four years of forgetfulness of his color, because no one reminded him of it in a foreign land, he comes to his native city to find his own skin turning evidence against his respectability. But we hope the day is not far distant when this unchristian prejudice against color will fade out of our American society. It is now hardly less than a half-slavery in the free States—a burden grievous to be borne—one of the yokes which yet remain to be broken before the oppressed shall go free. A dark skin may be less comely than a white, but

"A man's a man, for a' that."

—*Independent*.

TRIUMPH OF RADICALISM IN A BORDER STATE POLICY.

From The St. Louis Democrat.

St. Louis has witnessed the turning over of a new leaf in her government. A number of her citizens, holding respectable social positions, and guilty of no violation of local laws or regulations, have been expelled, and will henceforth be refused the privilege of revisiting their former homes under penalty of being arrested and treated as spies by the operation of military law. These parties are not driven out in wantonness. They are not guiltless of offense. They have proven themselves to be enemies of the government under which they have lived, and which has protected them, and under which most of them were born—but they have not taken up arms against that government, nor made any demonstrations of opposition to it, which could in a military sense be said to be acts of hostility. Their expulsion, therefore, is the inauguration of a new—a radical policy—a policy which goes to the root of the evil with which the country is afflicted, and attacks its first cause, which is social.

This step has been taken only at the end of two years of war and ruin, and when its absolute necessity to the attainment of peace has been demonstrated. The authorities and the people alike have been educated up to the measure in the school of adversity. The lesson of radicalism has been taught by many stripes, but it has been taught in a manner which will not allow of its being soon forgotten—which leaves no doubt of its propriety—its absolute necessity—which demonstrates it the true remedy for the ills under which the body politic has for two years been laboring, and from which it is still to a considerable extent a sufferer. Radicalism is vindicated, because it is adopted after the trial and failure of the opposite system.

At this point in our history, every friend of the country may well review the government of the Border States for the last two years. At the outset its policy was eminently conservative. Conciliation was the order of the day. Treason was to be treated to a course of sedatives, and all the pills administered were to be sugar-coated with kindness. Nothing was to be done to irritate our "erring brethren," whose hearts inclined them to wander from the paths of national duty in which they had been trained to walk. A Radical—'an Abolitionist'—a man who believed a change of system to be necessary for the cure of existing evils, was pronounced as bad as a secessionist. The two were classed together as being equal in folly and criminality, with this difference in treatment in favor of the latter, that while he, the secessionist, was to be cured by indulgence, the former, the radical anti-slavery man, was to be cured by scourging. Thus did the doctors of the State, who had its case in charge, when afflicted with the disease of treason, argue and practice. They were practitioners of the conservative school, and claimed a monopoly of all the wisdom in the profession of State-craft. Missouri, with other Border States was submitted to their charge. A Governor was selected, who was eminent for his conservatism and for his conservatism alone, and he was made head physician.

Two years of strife—of war—of bloodshed—of social dissension and public disorder have followed—two years which find the disease modified in some of its features, but so far as the vital principle is concerned, remaining in all its original intensity, while the State has slowly but surely been growing weaker under the treatment to which it had been subjected. The difficulty has been that the physicians in charge—the conservatives alluded to—have warred against the manifestations, and not against the cause of the complaint. They have not sought to nip the treason in the bud. They have not aimed at the root of the difficulty. The traitor was harbored, if not encouraged, until his treason became

full-blown, and then for the first time the axe was attempted to be applied. The defect was in the system. It did not recognize the fact that the evil was social—had its root in the institutions of the State, and that before a cure could be effected some remedy should be applied, which would penetrate beneath the surface, changing and renovating the very organization of society.

The lesson has at last been learned. A new system has been inaugurated. St. Louis has been a witness to the purifying effects of its operation. Loyal men can so far rejoice in its success.

We must remember, however, that but a beginning has been made. Before a cure can be effected, the blood of society must be cleansed, and numerous impurities does it yet possess. And to this end effort is need d. The advocates of the old order of things are not inactive. A conservative Governor—the same who desired the removal of a radical commander from this department and Northern troops sent away, that the powers of the State might be vested in the hands of semi-secessionists—still sits like the Old Man of the sea upon the shoulders of Missouri. Sympathizers with him, if not with traitors in arms against the government, still hold places of power and trust among us. These things must be changed before all will be well.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1863.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE NORTHERN REBELLION.

EVERYBODY remembers Senator Sumner's speech, years ago, in which he reiterated that the one requisite for a Northern statesman was "*backbone*," as often as Demosthenes repeated that "*action*" was the supremely essential qualification of an orator. The history of the country ever since, as well as before, has been but too full of proofs of the truth of this assertion. And, especially, just before, and ever since, the breaking out of this rebellion. It was the belief that there was not backbone enough in the free States to stand up against the determination of the slave States to cut their connection with them, that encouraged Davis and his crew to devise and execute their treasonous designs. And though they were disappointed in the craven submission to their will on which they had reckoned, they attributed the resistance they met with to our reluctance to part with our trade with them, which they held to be as the breath of our nostrils, and which made us think it worth our while to fight them just enough to maintain the profitable *status quo*. They gave us no credit for any high, patriotic and national inspiration which might animate and sustain a long and losing conflict for the purpose of upholding the integrity of a great nationality, one in origin, one in interests, truly understood, and one in destiny. And they had food to feed fat the contempt as well as the grudge they bore us in the methods of our warfare. The public offices still filled with the creatures whom they had placed there—spies paid by ourselves. The army officered by men steeped in pro-slavery prejudice, who scarcely disguised their sympathies with the rebels they were to reduce. Precious months, and more precious lives, sacrificed to prove twice over the treachery or the incompetency of a General raised into importance by the intrigues and the clamore of the Northern friends of the rebels. Men, free under the proclamation, sold as slaves by a Kentucky Sheriff. The black allies of the Republic repulsed and maltreated for many months by our armies, and received at last only as an extreme and painful necessity. The Atlantic seaports let alone when they were weak and ineffectually attacked when they were strong. The commerce of the country [illegible] with extermination by two or three pirate-vessels, while the government could not defend it and refused to permit it to defend itself. These and many other melancholy facts are but too plain proofs of the weakness of our backbone, while that of the rebels is strong as the tempered steel. Hence the advantage they have had us at, in spite of every material advantage on our side.

What has especially called this constitutional weakness of ours to mind just now is the late interference of the President with the action of Gen. Burnside in the matter of the Chicago *Times* and Vallandigham. We take it for granted that Gen. Burnside was as right in his action in suppressing *The Times* as in arresting and condemning Vallandigham. He was the best and the only judge of the exigencies of the Department confided to him. It is not to be supposed that he took such strong measures lightly or without abundant justification. The service of the country cannot be done, in time of rebellion, excepting by the exercise of a discreet despotism. That his acts were lawful we hold to be admitted by the President in his partial confirmation of Vallandigham's sentence. If the treasonable cant about due process of law be sound doctrine, and military discretion be not due process of law in time of flagrant rebellion, the whole proceedings against the Ohio Copperhead were illegal and void, and should have been quashed entirely and not modified and mitigated. If Gen. Burnside were justifiable in arresting, trying and punishing an open-mouthed traitor for his treasonable speech, surely he was so in putting an end to a treasonable print whose poison was instilled into a hundred minds for one that was reached by Vallandigham's tongue. He knew, as no other man knew, the mischief which these pestiferous influences were doing to the civil and military mind of the excited Department in his charge. In confirming his action in the one case and in nullifying it in the other, we must say that it seems to us that the President stultified himself, while he has given new heart and life to the most dangerous enemies of the country. It is a cruel hardship to the officer thus virtually censured, that he should be expected to do his difficult duty in that semi-secession region and yet be denied the exercise of the powers by which alone it can be effectually done. It is worse yet for the country that the Head of the Nation should even seem to yield an essential point of policy to the outcries of the Copperhead presses and the threats of a Chicago mob. The Nation is strong enough to put down these allies of the rebels at home, or it is too weak to put down the rebels in the field. We fear that the issues of this action of the President will reach much farther than one might at first think them likely to extend.

The enemies we have now most to dread are indeed those of our own household. It seems likely, now, that the arms of the Republic will be sufficient, in due time, in spite of imbecility and treason, to overcome the arms of the rebellion. Resistance, it may be reasonably hoped, will cease on a large scale, before many months are passed, especially if the black troops behave with the desperate courage of the brave men whom Gen. Banks—we cannot yet say how wisely—thrust into the imminent deadly breach at Port Hudson. But, after that battle is fought and won will come the harder battle yet as to the terms of the peace which is to follow it. And it will be the battle that will decide the destinies of the Republic much more than any that had gone before it. For that battle all the secret friends of the rebels are now preparing. Wood, and the Seymours, and their accomplices are marshalling and drilling the hosts, while *The Herald*, the Chicago *Times*, the Boston *Courier* and *Post*, and multitudes more of their like all over the free States, are the banners that flout the air as rallying points. As soon as the fighting is over at the South and the terms of amnesty or settlement are to be determined upon, their opportunity will have arrived, and they are now making all possible preparation to be ready for it. And it was to defeat these preparations that Gen. Burnside issued his orders suppressing *The Times* and prohibiting the circulation of *The World* in his jurisdiction. He saw, undoubtedly, that these malignant prints, in concert with talkers like Vallandigham, were corrupting the minds of his soldiers and preparing an armed force ready to assist these traitors in their designs. The President, in yielding to the Copperhead pressure, has strengthened that traitorous element, instead of conciliating it, as he hoped to do. And we fear that by the time he has broken the force of the rebellion at the South he will find that he has permitted to grow up, not to say fostered, a more dangerous rebellion and one harder to control, in the North.

The purpose of this Northern Rebellion is not identical with the Southern one, though it is more for the advantage of the rebels and more dangerous to the future of the Republic and the destinies of mankind. Davis would have a slaveholding empire by itself, with none to molest or make it afraid within its domain. Vallandigham would have a slaveholding empire established over the whole land and all Northern rights subordinated to those of slavery. He, and his like, do not love disunion, because that would leave the control of the government and the dispensation of patronage in the hands of men better than themselves. They wish for a Reconstruction which shall put Slavery on the throne, with every right of Free Press and Free Speech under its feet. The President of the Republic they thirst for will never rescind the order of one of their Generals for the suppression of a Republican newspaper, nor mitigate the sentence of any blasphemer of slavery, though its doom be torture or death. This struggle impends over us, and will be sure to come upon us, if we do not wisely prevent it. And its prevention is not to be had by pandering to its passions or strengthening its hands. Resolute as the slaveholders now are to accept nothing but Independence, they are too politic not to take the sovereignty over us, through the agency of their friends, when it is clear that their first wish is not to be had. Whatever is necessary to be done to prevent a consummation which would render another war inevitable, waged in the very midst of our cities and fields, unless we are willing to sacrifice every right that heroes and martyrs have fought and died to secure to mankind, whatever is necessary to avoid all these calamities, is within the lawful competency of the President and a moral and political duty binding upon him. The responsibility rests upon him to save the nation from consequences of victory more calamitous than any that could follow defeat.

PERSONAL.

The publisher of the Southampton (Eng.) *Advertiser* having charged George Thompson, Esq., with being the "hired advocate' of a certain candidate for Parliament, thereby imputing to him a mercenary motive, Mr. T. brought an action against the said publisher for libel, and obtained damages in the sum of $750.

Carlyle is hard at work on another volume of Frederick the Great. He says he had no idea of the labor involved when he undertook it. The whole of Continental Europe, interested in his work, has loaded him with letters of and documents about Frederick, all of which he must read, and most of which are valueless. It is well that he knows how to "toil terribly."

Mr. Conway visited Mr. Forster, of the House of Commons, in his bedroom, where he lay, convalescent from a fever. Mr. Conway says: "He was very much annoyed and excited at the tidings from America, that Kentucky was selling on auction-blocks negroes liberated by the President's proclamation. 'If that is so,' said he, 'if that can happen without the immediate, public and thorough veto of President Lincoln, the Union will not have one friend in England, as soon as it is known. If the Federal government has not legal power to coerce Kentucky into holding those to be free, who have been declared free by United States law, then it has no right to coerce any State to respect its laws."

Moncure D. Conway, writing from London to *The Commonwealth*, alludes to an American who told a friend of our country in Manchester that he had rather the South should conquer the North than that the Union should be divided. Mr. Conway thereupon says:

"If we are scorned by large classes in England, it is because from the first we have been represented here by men who placed our cause upon its lowest interests. For months we had here Train, then we had Weed and Archbishop Hughes, who publicly expressed here the same sentiment as that which our Manchester friend denounced. Mr. Adams himself, if he has any glow for liberty, is remarkably successful in enclosing it. Are we to be indignant that Englishmen do not respect a cause which is thus represented by the men whom the government has sent over to represent us? for each spoke officially except Train. Are we to expect Englishmen to respect a Union of such a kind as every earnest friend of freedom in America would repudiate?"

We clip this paragraph from the "London Literary Gossip" of *The Commonwealth*. It is Mr. Conway who holds the pen:

"One of the sensations of the literary world here is a magazine which has been started by an intelligent and handsome young lady (I do not speak by hearsay). The magazines which have been established in London have required immense toil and capital, and many a grave old *habitue* of the Clubs pooh-poohed the idea of a young lady's starting a rival to Temple Bar, Macmillan and the rest. But Miss Emily Faithful (that is her name) has come out with the *Victoria Magazine*, neat in form and replete with valuable matter, and, what is more, with a subscription list that begins with the new Princess of Wales and the Queen, and includes nearly every family of the nobility. One has only to look at the lady who has thus taken the field, and who edits and attends to the entire business of the magazine personally, to see that she must and will succeed. The first number, which I shall send you, contains valuable articles from Edward Dicey, Adolphus Trollope, Mr. Hutton of *The Spectator*, Tom Taylor and others. Another matter of interest in the same connection is, that Miss Faithful has given employment to a large number of women in the printing, binding and selling departments of her establishment; for I should have said before that this young lady is officially 'Printer and Publisher in ordinary to Her Majesty.'"

C. C. BURLEIGH.—A CARD.

FLORENCE, Mass., June 6, 1863.

WILL THE STANDARD do me the kindness to say that, having an engagement to be in Pennsylvania about the end of next month, I can, if seasonably informed that it is desired, make arrangements to remain in the State the most of the following month, and speak in public on topics suggested by the condition of the country? If any of your readers in the Southern part of the State, east of the Susquehanna, think my speaking in their respective neighborhoods desirable, will they favor me with a line on the subject, directed to this place early enough to reach me, if possible, on or before the 4th of July? I shall wait some days after that date, before replying to any of them, in order to have before me all the applications likely to come, and then—should the number seem to warrant an excursion—lay out my course with regard, as far as may be, to economy of time and travel in visiting as many places as the time at my disposal will permit. I should like also to know whether an address of the kind indicated above would be desired on the 27th of next month, within an hour's ride or so of New York city, on or near the line of the Central Railroad of New Jersey.

C. C. BURLEIGH.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN ENGLAND.—Moncure D. Conway, writing from London to *The Commonwealth*, says:

"One is struck at finding in England, at every turn, how strong the influence of women is in matters of government. The opinions of the wives of men in the government are very seriously discussed, as of public import. The most active woman in relation to our affairs and those of Poland is Mrs. P. A. Taylor, wife of the Member for Leicester (who is the most radical man in the House of Commons). Mrs. Forster is the daughter of the late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. She takes a warm interest in our affairs, and is a glowing friend to our cause. We have a good friend also in Mrs. Ashurst Biggs, whose house is the same described by Carlyle in his Life of Sterling, as that in which Sterling resided. Mr. and Mrs. B. entertained Mr. Emerson when in England. She is a daughter of a Mr. Ashurst, who went to America, and whose memory is sacred among the anti-slavery people there. Miss Biggs, her daughter, is more intelligent about our affairs than any young lady I have met, and has written a novel in three volumes, entitled 'White and Black,' which is admirably written. In fact, we have a very important company of ladies here, who do much to influence general society in our behalf."

THE NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

Friday---Morning Session.

The Convention assembled this morning, according to adjournment, at Tremont Temple, the PRESIDENT in the chair.

Prayer was offered by Rev. JOHN BLAIN.

The PRESIDENT spoke of that day of small things, the original formation and early efforts of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and of the discouraging circumstances in Church and State which then opposed its movements. He contrasted with these the cheering events which now show unlooked-for progress in the movement against slavery; and he pointed out the necessity of keeping our hands and hearts united in urging forward the work yet to be done.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON spoke of the pro-slavery influences yet existing in the daily press of this city, referring not only to calumnious and grossly false reports of what took place in the meetings, but misleading notices of the place and time when and where they were to be held. The report in *The Post* not only reversed the facts by calling the attendance "meagre" and the speeches "tame," but mentioned four or five distinguished persons as speaking in those meetings, who had not at that time been even present. *The Transcript* and *Traveller* both had misstated the time and place of the meetings of the Convention, although each had in its columns an advertisement which stated both correctly.

Mr. Garrison made favorable mention of two photographic prints recently produced, commending them to the favorable notice of the audience. One, "The Watch-Night," by Mr. Carleton, the other, a representation of the frightful scars caused by whipping on the back of a Louisiana slave.

The Business Committee retired for consultation, and the President of the Convention read extracts from the morning's *Post* and *Advertiser*, relative to the proceedings of yesterday.

Mr. PARDEE referred to Theodore Parker's statement of a philosophic trinity, "Truth, Justice and Love." He had thought, as he saw William Lloyd Garrison on this platform, that he was the impersonation of this trinity. He said there was another trinity; the Emancipation proclamation; the arming of slaves to fight, at once for their own rights and for ours; and the naturalization of of the negro, by giving him the lands forfeited by rebel slaveholders. The government of this country should stretch out to the colored people a protecting hand. And the first step in this process is to help those who would be free, themselves to strike the blow.

Rev. DANIEL S. WHITNEY, of Southboro, referred to a meeting which he had just attended, the worthy pious brethren in which "did not know what to do." (A difficulty, he it observed, in which these brethren have found themselves, any time, for thirty years past.) It seemed to him that our present duty is even more to ourselves than to the negro. We must free ourselves from an immense amount of prejudice yet remaining against this race. We should think less of nationality, composed, as we are, of all existing nations, and follow the dictates of justice and humanity.

He thought that this great war was a carrying out of the Gospel precept—"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

The HUTCHINSON FAMILY then sang, to the great satisfaction of the audience, the song—"If I were a voice."

The Business Committee, through their Chairman, Mr. GARRISON, then reported the following series of resolutions to the Convention.

1. Resolved, That the patriotic history of Massachusetts does not record a more honorable and meritorious act than that of being the first State in the Union to enroll a regiment of colored volunteers for the defence of our common country, and its free institutions.

2. Resolved, That the enthusiastic manner in which Boston welcomed that regiment, yesterday, on its way to the seat of war, by such popular demonstrations of good will and heartfelt approbation as have not been exceeded in the case of any of the preceding fifty-three regiments that have received her benediction, indicates a wonderful change in sentiment, and will go far towards redeeming her tarnished character in the past, for having so often "bowed the knee to the dark spirit of slavery," through commercial cupidity or a mistaken idea of patriotic duty.

3. Resolved, That the highest patriotic credit is due to his Excellency Gov. Andrew for the courage, energy, and untiring zeal he has displayed in the organization of that regiment; and for his touching and manly declaration, when presenting the various flags designed for it: "I shall follow you, Mr. Commander, your officers and your men, with a friendly and personal solicitude, to say nothing of official care, which can hardly be said of any other corps which has marched from Massachusetts. My own personal honor, if I have any, is identified with yours. I stand or fall as a man and a magistrate with the rise or fall in history of the 54th Massachusetts regiment. In striking a blow for their country's flag—*their* country's flag now as well as ours—I trust it will prove the last blow needful to rend the last shackle which binds the limb of the bondman in the rebel States."

4. Resolved, That to no part of rebeldom can Massachusetts so appropriately and significantly send that regiment as to South Carolina, their destination, the stronghold of slavery, and the heart of the rebellion; and if, in her rage and agony, the Palmetto State shall cry out, "Will the line stretch out till the crack of doom?" the reply of the old Bay State will be, "It will stretch out till the doom of all slavedom is sealed, the rebellion crushed, and the personal rights and liberty of every man are recognized and secured from sea to sea."

5. Resolved, That while the government may have intended nothing invidious or proscriptive, on its part, but only deemed it a politic and prudential course, for the time being, in permitting only white officers to be in command of colored regiments, this Convention protests against the continuance of any such distinction, both as a matter of principle and as a measure of sound expediency; believing that it serves to retard enlistments, to perpetuate an unnatural caste, and to stifle high and honorable aspiration in the mind of the common soldier; and we respectfully ask of the government to reward men according to their merit, and as they shall prove themselves brave and competent, without any reference whatever to complexional differences.

6. Resolved, That Senator Toombs, of Georgia, having failed to call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill, is hereby notified that that roll may yet be called on his own plantation by Massachusetts colored volunteers, duly empowered to enforce the Emancipation proclamation of Abraham Lincoln.

Whereas, by a proclamation of Jefferson Davis, and also by a decree of the Confederate Congress, the savage threat is made that all captured officers of loyal colored regiments shall be instantly shot, and the soldiers handed over to the State authorities to be subjected to chains and slavery, or to the infliction of the most revolting cruelties; and whereas, the Federal government has taken no official action upon this murderous purpose, thus encouraging those traitors and assassins to believe that they may proceed to execute their threat with comparative impunity; therefore,

7. Resolved, That, until the President, or Gen. Halleck as acting Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, shall notify the Confederate Cabinet that rebel officers and soldiers shall be held as hostages for the safety and fair treatment of the officers and soldiers of colored regiments captured in battle, according to the rules of war, it will be a cruel and cowardly act to ask or compel the latter to take the field, with such a fate impending over them!

8. Resolved, That while it is alike the necessity and policy of war to take life, confiscate and destroy property, and do as much injury to the enemy as possible, we rejoice to know that, whatever ruin and desolation the Confederate States may bring upon themselves by their treasonable course, in emancipating all the slaves within their limits an act of justice and beneficence has been performed by the Federal government which will repair every breach, restore every path, build up the waste places, raise up the foundations of many generations, substitute light for darkness, restore peace, promote the general welfare, and fill their borders with abundance and happiness, to an extent now inconceivable—thus returning good for evil, and blessing for cursing; and inasmuch as all the bereavements, woes and horrors which have followed in the train of this war, on both sides, are to be charged to slavery as the sole cause and object of the rebellion, this Convention earnestly submits to President Lincoln, and to Congress, the sacred duty of providing for its immediate abolition in such portions of the country as were exempted from the operation of the proclamation of January 1st, 1863; that thus no aid or comfort may be derived by the rebels from that exemption, no nest-egg of treason and civil war reserved for future incubation, no snares or pitfalls contrived for our army in the border States, no hindrances thrown in the way of a speedy and effectual suppression of the rebellion, no ground or cause left for inevitable sectional strife and division, no possibility provided for future slaveholding concession and compromise; but that "*every* yoke" being broken, in obedience to the Divine command, all parts of the republic may be one in spirit and purpose, its peace like a river, and its prosperity like the waves of the sea.

9. Resolved, That as the friends of freedom universally, while gratefully remembering the noble words and important votes of many of the Senators and Representatives in the last Congress—a Congress which has crowned itself with imperishable laurels for its anti-slavery legislation in accordance with the claims of justice and the duties of the hour—we feel that the thanks of the country are preëminently due to CHAS. SUMNER and HENRY WILSON for their indefatigable and successful efforts to procure the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, the recognition of the independence of Liberia and Hayti, and the formation of a treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of the foreign slave trade, in addition to other highly important measures—thus sustaining and enhancing the historic renown of Massachusetts as the pioneer State in the cause of civil liberty, and of our common humanity.

10. Resolved, That while thus desirous of "giving credit to whom credit is due," this Convention cannot refrain from expressing its surprise and regret that these honored Senators of Massachusetts should have allowed any entreaties on the one hand, or apologies on the other, to induce them to sanction the elevation of a Massachusetts Colonel to the position of a Brigadier-General, immediately after the utterance of the most contemptuous expressions towards the colored soldiers in the army of the Gulf, and welcoming defeat without them rather than victory with them; that if an example so mutinous was promptly dealt with by the arrest of the mutineer, and somewhat atoned for by his humble apology subsequently, still, no sufficient justification could be found for his promotion to a higher command; and to have allowed him to retain his Colonelcy would have been an act of extraordinary forbearance and magnanimity on the part of the government.

11. Resolved, That this Convention cordially responds to the recent declaration of Postmaster-General Blair, in regard to the Emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln, that "it places the government in a position FROM WHICH THERE IS NO RETREAT. The proclamation to the slaves to weaken the enemy *commits the nation irrevocably to make good the pledge by the* UTMOST EXHIBITION OF POWER. It not only creates an obligation to the bondmen whose action it is meant to control, but it is an implied *pledge of honor* to the foreign powers whose conduct it is designed to influence. That measure, which, as Commander-in-Chief, the President rightfully adopted under the Constitution and in accordance with *national* law to obtain the coöperation of a whole race of people, and which involves both life and freedom in its results, *when proclaimed, was beyond revocation by either the civil or military authority of the nation. The people once slaves in the rebel States can never again be recognized as such by the United States. No judicial decision, no legislative action, State or National, can be admitted to reënslave a people who are associated with our own destinies in this war of defence to save the government, and whose manumission was deemed essential to the restoration and preservation of the Union and its permanent peace.*"

12. Resolved, That the government is manifestly showing a lamentable want of earnestness, energy and efficiency, in conducting the war for the suppression of the rebellion, by displacing or leaving unemployed such brave and indomitable Generals as Fremont, Butler, Phelps, Sigel, and Hamilton, of Texas; that this inexplicable and extraordinary conduct, on its part, is widely subjecting it to the suspicion that it does not mean to strike a final and fatal blow at the cause of all our national divisions and sufferings; and that nothing would be so acceptable and inspiring to the loyal people of this country as the immediate recall of those Generals to such posts of honor and trust as they are entitled to fill by their merits.

13. Resolved, That the peculiar dangers which now threaten our cause from the artful plottings of able and unscrupulous politicians in every part of the country for its overthrow, demand of its friends the exercise of unusual vigilance and the utmost possible exertions in its behalf; and we therefore earnestly recommend to the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society the expediency of holding at least fifty popular Conventions, the present season, within the limits of the New-England States, and to call upon the public for a special fund for this purpose.

Major HOYT, from Kansas, claimed for that State the priority of formation of a negro regiment by authority of the State. Mr. GARRISON replied that facts were what the Committee wished to receive and report, and that if the honor in question belonged to Kansas, she should have the credit of it.

Mr. TOOHEY, of New York, wished to suggest to Abolitionists the propriety of refraining from unjust reflection on the Irish race; he thought it fair to ask, in their behalf, a consideration of the circumstances under which the ill-manners and morals of some Irishmen have been formed. The Irish and the negroes have both suffered from, and been deteriorated by, the same cause, oppression. This fact should be remembered in our judgment of them. When Mr. Toohey came to cite the cases which called forth his animadversion, it appeared they had occurred elsewhere than in this Convention.

Mr. GARRISON said he was glad that we had an Irishman on our platform to avow himself an Abolitionist, and to bid us God-speed. But that gentleman broadens himself too much when he proposes to stand as a shield before the Irish population in this country, who have been, as a mass, priests and people, political leaders and followers, the very bitterest enemies of the anti-slavery cause. Almost universally, they have exhibited an infernal spirit in regard to the colored population. We know the causes which have made them such; we know that they are the tools of priests and politicians, and that the ignorance of the mass of them leaves them a prey to such men. I regret that they have forgotten their own sufferings from oppression in Ireland, and that they so readily join the haters of the negro. I regard them with pity, not with anger; but my indignation blazes when I think of the intelligent priests and politicians who are deliberately cheating them, and making them tools to accomplish the selfish purposes of these leaders.

A debate here took place between Mr. TOOHEY, Mr. CLUER, and others, in regard to the facts respecting race, and the pertinency of their introduction on the anti-slavery platform.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER took the floor, amid calls for "Douglass" from a portion of the audience.

Mr. Foster made objection to the practice of interrupting the meeting by calls of a portion of the audience for favorite speakers, when another person had possession of the floor. He would willingly welcome Mr. Douglass to the platform, though he was grieved at having heard him say, last night, that the work of the Abolitionists was finished. No assumption could be more incorrect. He showed that the continued advocacy of anti-slavery was needed, by quoting the atrocious sentiments avowed, in his presence, in Democratic political meetings, as the intention of that party whenever they should return to power. Whenever that party regained the ascendancy, the very discussion of anti-slavery ideas would be prohibited by law; every desired concession would be made to the slaveholders; and the utmost possible subserviency, in every way, would be shown by the dominant party in the North.

Too much importance, he thought, had been attached to the cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs when the colored regiment passed through Boston yesterday. In point of principle, not one inch of progress had been made in this community. The very people who cheered and waved would refuse to take the hand of a negro, or admit him into their pew.

A million of men yet remain in slavery, the Administration keep them there, and the Courts rule the Fugitive Slave law to be the law of the land. We are a body, maintaining principles. We oppose slavery, not the slavery of 4,000,000 only.

The PRESIDENT interposed a correction in behalf of the government—referring to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and to its prohibition in all the Territories. On the score of principle, Mr. FOSTER continued, our government stands just where it always stood.

Mrs. ABBY KELLEY FOSTER asked leave to relate an incident in support of what Mr. Foster had said, the case of Rev. Mr. Gordon of Illinois.

Mr. FOSTER—The men who warn us of danger are always unpopular. In my view, the danger to our cause was never greater than now. We have no law here in America but the popular will of the existing hour. If the Copperhead party gain power, they will put their heel alike on the negro and the Abolitionist. The only safety for us is to diffuse sound anti-slavery principles, and to labor vigorously now in diffusing them.

[Mr. Foster here read a resolution which he had written, relative to the holding of sundry conventions in various parts of New England the coming season. It was referred to the Business Committee, and is the closing one of the series presented by that Committee.]

Mr. G. T. DOWNING raised an objection.

Mr. MAY referred to the case of Mrs. Jacobs, and the orphan children she has in charge.

Mr. DOWNING felt that he represented a large number of colored persons who regret the proscription of colored men as officers in the formation of the negro regiment. Much is yet to be done regarding the rights and the elevation of the free colored man, and he wished to see the Abolitionists more prominently working for it.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS interposed, referring to the colored regiments found existing by Gen. Butler in New Orleans, having colored officers, and enrolled by him in the service of the U. S. Now we hear that Gen. Banks is reorganizing these on the Massachusetts plan, giving them white officers.

Mr. DOWNING resumed, declaring his conviction that, at present, the 54th Regiment would be more efficient with white officers than with colored ones.

The HUTCHINSONS then sang the John Brown army hymn.

Adjourned to 2¾ o'clock.

Afternoon Session.

The Convention reassembled in the Tremont Temple, the PRESIDENT in the chair.

ANDREW T. FOSS, of Manchester, N. H., came forward and spoke in vindication of the early principles and positions of the Abolitionists, as now admitted to have been taken without fanaticism and without folly. The past being secure, what is to be the future course of the Society? Our work is far from being done; nay, perhaps the severest struggle is yet to come. The danger of compromise is still imminent. Jeff. Davis's refusal to admit of any terms from Northern Copperheads alone saved us from it a short time ago. Too recent is the memory of the lengths to which the Republican party was willing to go in conciliating slavery, to prevent reasonable fear of a return of Democratic rule. Our future work is our old work—of educating the people from school-houses and churches (and the latter are now at length open to us); not otherwise can we save the nation from the clutch of the Democratic party, which, if it could be reinstated in power, would repudiate every anti-slavery act and pledge of the government. In attempting to convert Democracy, we do really recruit for Republicanism. It was Theodore D. Weld and Anna E. Dickinson, confessedly, who saved the New Hampshire election, and, through that, the nation. The portion of S. S. Foster in that victory was also not slight.

In speaking of England, Mr. Foss said he was grateful to all English Abolitionists; but he must hold the people of England responsible for the acts of their government. Theirs, therefore, the credit of the Alabama, the Florida, and other piratical cruisers against our commerce. He hoped a demand would one day be made on the British government for every dollar destroyed by these pirates; and if justice could be in no other way obtained, he hoped it would be by war. The British government he regarded as hypocritical in its fault-finding with our conduct of the war. It could not compare with our own, which had done more for humanity in the short time of Mr. Lincoln's administration than any other on the face of the earth. He confidently anticipated living to see the jubilee, and, beyond that, life was indifferent.

E. H. HEYWOOD offered on his own responsibility the following resolutions:

Whereas, The unrestricted and impartial criticism of public men and measures is indispensable to the security and growth of free institutions; and military power, despotic, irresponsible and anarchical in its nature and tendency, should always be held in strict subordination to the civil authority; therefore,

Resolved, That the custom of arbitrary arrests, within States not in rebellion against the Federal government, for offences unknown to American law, and in contempt and defiance of the civil process, is a dangerous and abusive stretch of Executive power, unwarranted in the Constitution, and utterly subversive of popular freedom.

Resolved, That while we have no sympathy with the principles of the Hon. C. L. Vallandigham, and reject with abhorrence his immoral and useless methods of conciliating the rebellious Slave Oligarchy; nevertheless, we must regard his arrest and trial, by a self-created and irresponsible military tribunal, for the lawful exercise of the undeniable and sacred right of free speech, as unjust and ill-advised; an act, however well meant, deserving the censure of every loyal citizen, and which the Administration should promptly disavow and condemn.

The resolutions were received with applause and hisses. Mr. HEYWOOD said the resolutions were intended simply to represent his own sentiments, and he did not purpose to make them matter of controversy. To be consistent, the Convention must reprehend every action which sought to check free speech, more especially when it is at the cost of civil liberty. If they endorsed impliedly, by a rejection of his resolutions, the arbitrary act of Gen. Burnside, that endorsement would prove a millstone about the neck of the anti-slavery cause for years to come. He abhorred Mr. Vallandigham's sentiments, but would meet him or any rebel sympathizer in the loyal States on equal grounds of debate. He proceeded to argue that Gen. Burnside had no jurisdiction in the State of Ohio, which was not yet under martial law. He demanded the same free speech for our adversaries that we claim for ourselves. It was not a question of opinions, but of a common right. Indict by legal means, therefore, if you will. This course is expedient alike for the Administration and the Abolitionists. Time may bring a reversal of authorities, and then where shall we be if we deny the right of criticism now? Argue down Copperheadism, as was done in Connecticut. A government cannot hope to have law respected, which does not respect law itself.

Mr. FOSTER said the introduction of this resolution in favor of Copperheadism was inappropriate to an anti-slavery meeting. So long as the government confined its violations of law to to the sons of Satan, he would not find fault. But let it keep its hands from the angel Gabriel! He moved that the resolution be rejected.

Messrs. REMOND, BUFFUM and FOSTER severally debated the disposal of the resolution.

Mr. HEYWOOD, in explanation, denied its irrelevancy to an anti-slavery meeting. What more becoming our gatherings and our struggle than the support of free speech? Expose, not smother, treason. Go to the full extent of the law against Copperheadism, but keep within the law. The case of Vallandigham was one of constructive treason. The arresting party was a mob in epaulettes.

On motion of Mr. FOSTER, the resolution was then laid on the table by a decisive vote.

Mr. GARRISON read the resolution in regard to colored officers for colored regiments.

Lt.-Col. BILLINGS, of the 1st S. C. Union Regiment of colored men, said that the greatest heroes of this war were not those of the epaulette, but of thought. The men upon this platform could be traced as the causes of the fruits of the present hour; and great was the compliment in the charge of being the cause of this war.

Col. B. proceeded to give some of his experience as an army chaplain. The subserviency of our officers at the South to the rebels was incredible. He had heard his fellow-officers in a former regiment cursing Greeley and Abolitionists, to make themselves acceptable to rebels under a flag of truce. Finding himself in distasteful company, Col. B. abandoned his chaplaincy, and went into the colored regiment. Far different was the reception of the officers of the 54th, yesterday, in these streets, from that which the officers of the 1st S. C. Loyal Regiment suffered the first month from privates and from chiefs. However, out of 16,000 blacks capable of serving, one regiment was formed by volunteers. Col. B. described the results of the expedition up the St. Mary's River of the black regiment. The plantation on which they encamped at Port Royal was the scene perhaps of more cruelty than any other. The 1st South Carolina had won a reputation inferior to no regiment in efficiency and precision. For two weeks, without reënforcements, it held Jacksonville, Florida, which it had possessed against twice its number.

Col. B. narrated some striking instances of the bravery and coolness of these troops at that place, in their engagements with the enemy. He said he must be excused for thinking that the negroes would fight. Apropos of colored commissioned officers, he said that the universal feeling among the soldiers of the 1st South Carolina regiment was, that they did not want them; they objected to have a colored man "play the white man over them." Col. B. mentioned gratefully the attention of the colored soldiers towards himself, when wounded lately among them.

H. C. WRIGHT asked what was the feeling of the colored soldiers in regard to the threat of the rebels, in case of their being taken prisoners.

Col. B. responded—They feel determined NEVER TO FALL ALIVE INTO THE REBELS' HANDS. And yet he wished the government at Washington had the magnanimity to protect the blacks by avowing retaliatory measures for any wrong done to them. Hostages were held in reserve by the South Carolina regiment on their last expedition, and would have been executed. There is no use of conducting this war on peace principles.

The question was asked if there was no aspiration in the colored soldiers of the South to become one day officers.

Col. B. said he did not believe that they looked so far ahead. Sufficient unto the day is the good or evil thereof.

Mr. DOUGLASS thought they had the same feelings of their brethren in Hayti and Brazil.

Mr. REMOND spoke of the obstacles to enlistment, arising from this denial of commissions to colored men. At least, the colored men of the North had aspirations, if those at Port Royal had not.

Mr. DOWNING asked, why not train the blacks at the South to obey black officers?

Col. B.—That is just what we are hoping to do.

Mr. DOUGLASS rose to an explanation. He had no connection with the interruption of the meeting this morning, by calls for himself.

The CHAIRMAN asked Mr. Douglass to repeat or elucidate his position of last night, that, for the present, he was content with white officers; which he did at some length, explaining that he looked forward to a limit, and that was the development of real merit. The United States had commissioned two black officers, surgeons, and is so far ahead of Massachusetts. It has also asserted its intention to protect these officers at the cost of every "Plug-Ugly" in Baltimore, if need be. We must not yield to the prejudices of other men. We must encounter them, and annoy them, until they are called upon to give a reason for themselves, when they must vanish.

He closed by investigating the idea of a black nationality, and the rights which are to be demanded at the close of the war.

Mr. DOWNING went for the enlistment of Americans, black and white, side by side, to be officered by men of merit; also, irrespective of color. He said that Massachusetts had not gone to the full extent of her power in this matter of giving commissions.

Young Master HUTCHINSON sang, very expressively, a song—*The Loyal Soldier Boy to his Mother.*

WM. W. BROWN spoke in relation to the discussion of the afternoon. He testified to the difficulty he had found in some recruits, to be commanded wholly by white officers. He knew of men in the 54th, who were not inferior to their white officers. He believed in the capacity of black men to command, and to obey their own color. He based his faith on the example of the people of Hayti. There is need only, on our part, of a practical test of bravery, and the blacks will be ready enough to follow those of their number who thus distinguish themselves. Gen. Butler, indeed, found a company in Louisiana, under black officers entirely, and there was no difficulty whatever. For one, he, Mr. B., while accepting the half loaf, would not cease to strive for the whole. He defined the grounds on which, with all the present disabilities of his race, he still urged and assisted in their enlistment in the army of the United States.

Mr. ROBERT MORRIS (a colored lawer) said he had never been brought up with the idea of inferiority to any person. He said we ought not to have sent off the 54th, without a single black officer. The young colored men of Boston applied to the State House in the matter of commissions, and were denied. He had left the Executive chamber, determined not to lift a finger for that regiment, and he had never asked and never would ask any man to enlist in it. Surgeons and chaplains of their own color were alike refused to the 54th. Whatever be the state of mind of the slaves at the South, the intelligent young black men of the North know their rights, and will not submit to a curtailment of them.

Mr. GARRISON said the last named position seemed to him an absurd one—i. e., that because all that was just was not yet granted, therefore nothing should be taken, and a position chosen entirely aloof. He showed the immense steps already taken by the government in the matter of arming the blacks. He thought much indulgence was due to the government, in its very difficult position. It must be remembered that the Northern house is divided, and this division is the check-rein upon the Administration. He believed that when merit appeared in the ranks of the colored regiments, it would ultimately be commissioned. Yesterday was an occasion of great exultation of both black and white in this city. The question was, whether, on the whole, the government had not done well, and made great progress in the right direction.

Adjourned to 7½ o'clock.

Evening Session.

At the Tremont Temple, the PRESIDENT in the chair.

The HUTCHINSONS sang the song, "*We wait beneath the Furnace Blast.*" Receiving much applause, and an encore, they again came forward and sang, "*Emancipation's Coming.*"

The series of resolutions reported to the Convention was then brought before the meeting, and it was voted to take action upon them at this time.

Upon being put to vote, the resolutions were adopted without a dissenting voice.

JOHN S. ROCK, Esq. (a colored lawyer) said, our occupation was almost gone. Instead of indulging in complaint and criticism, we are compelled to be amazed at the strides the nation is making. We are still in the midst of trial, but only thus comes out the pure gold of the republic. Peace and compromise are each impossible. There can be but two parties, one for and the other against the republic. There is no question but that the rebels must be subdued or annihilated. It is asserted that this is a negro war, and that emancipation is equally contrary to law and nature. The fear of amalgamation, resulting from social equality, is groundless. Affinities are not to be regulated by statutes; they adjust themselves. But the fear presupposes an uncommon attraction on the part of the blacks! One million mulattoes at the South, where no slave woman is protected, are a sufficient answer to the charge of amalgamation against the Abolitionists.

It is not surprising, considering the early repulse by the government of the proffered aid of the blacks, that two years after there is some backwardness. Yet many, meanwhile, have entered the navy, and have otherwise served the country, sufficiently to seal forever the lip of slander, and put prejudice to shame. Too many drawbacks still remain. The word "white" still exists in our statute-books. Protection is sparingly bestowed by our government. We do not seek commissions in colored regiments, for the place alone, but in duty to our self-respect. We will not reject what the government holds out, but we must aim at more.

There are good grounds for encouragement. The District of Columbia is free, the colored man is recognized as a citizen, and slavery in the reconquered States at an end. Mr. Lincoln has not been all we could expect, but he is honest as far as he is enlightened, and seems to be the man destined to unite the Republic.

G. B. STEBBINS, of Rochester, said that while "white" was not synonymous with "loyal," the black had only to point to his complexion to dispel every doubt of his loyalty. In this transition-hour, all things good and bad come to the surface. Davis, Toombs, all the leading conspirators, have not changed their natures within five years, but have simply revealed themselves. And this development will continue until the last fetter is broken. In the West, this conflict of opposing elements is especially conspicuous. There are also some of the brightest conversions to the side of justice.

In the midst of our congratulations, which are natural and proper, we must not forget the vastness of the work yet lying before us. Some dangerous headlands have been weathered in safety, but others loom up in distinct and formidable. There is no room to be lax; every nerve must be kept strained. We cannot discern the sure and settled in the midst of this breaking up of old conditions and confusion of policies. Till we do, we must go on, with good courage, as heretofore. The avenues are wider than ever; more ready than ever are the people to listen. The West is fully up to any anti-slavery word uttered here at the East. Their response is, Be firm, and we'll stand by you! Their loyalty to the country results from their loyalty to liberty.

Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE said he liked the motto of this platform for thirty years, "Say what you will,

and be criticised!" It is better than—"Hold your tongue, and be praised!" Amasis, king of Egypt, slighted those oracles which, in his boyhood, had excused his wrong acts as a prince, but favored those which had not feared to tell the truth of him. Great credit to those who have been faithful in time past at every crisis, and charity if they seem to have faltered. Actions ought to be judged by people, as well as people by actions.

He agreed with Frederick Douglass, that a work remained after emancipation. One labor follows another, as one summit another in climbing a mountain. Our special efforts must next be directed against the prejudice of color. Perhaps we overrate the difficulty of this task. It was the fundamental assumption of the Colonization Society, that this prejudice is insurmountable. Shall we fall into the same error? Prejudice against race has always depended upon the fact of the degradation of the hated party. The Normans, for two hundred years, looked down upon the Saxons, as we look down upon the blacks—"they did with them," says Thierry, "what they would." Two hundred years ago, the English regarded the Irish (according to Macaulay) as being utterly inferior to themselves. These are examples of now obsolete prejudices. What is needed to accomplish the same thing here in regard to colored races, is to have every man exhibit his abhorrence of the hateful, senseless feeling. Great help was lent us by the 54th regiment, yesterday. Let us hear that 50,000 black men have mastered Charleston, and the last shred of prejudice will disappear.

Memory to-day recalls those spirits, now absent from its platform, whence we are permitted to behold the magnificent prospect opening before us. We remember Lovejoy, shot down at Alton; Morris, of Ohio, the first great convert from the Democratic party; Birney, the converted slaveholder; Slade, from whom Lewis Hayden learned his idea of liberty; Horace Mann, Robert Rantoul, John Quincy Adams, Dr. Channing, Theodore Parker, John Brown. Where are all these to-day? They might almost be expected to burst, to-night, the veil that separates them from us, and join in the general exultation. Among the living, let Cassius M. Clay, too, be remembered, and that other heroic Kentuckian, Mattie Griffith.

All hail to those—good men and women—who have gone before us! All hail the living and the dead, who have labored for this great consummation!

Mr. Clarke paid a handsome tribute to Senators Wilson and Sumner. At the house of the latter, he (Mr. C.) first met John Brown, who with reverence took down and regarded the coat in which our Senator was stricken down by the assassin hand of Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina. That was John Brown's tribute to Mr. Sumner. Mr. C. closed with quoting and applying to Gov. Andrew, the lines of Wordsworth, "The Happy Warrior."

Rev. A. A. Miner, of Boston, said we could learn much in these times by studying that common subject, human nature. No human party has ever been beyond criticism. Scarce anyone does a thing which he could not have done better. So of the government of this nation. It has done many things badly, committed many blunders and mistakes. One of the greatest was the President's confiding the safety of the country to his foes. The country has not yet the courage to confess its sins and repent, and in consequence we have had flagellation after flagellation. We edge up reluctantly to our duty, giving here and there a trifling concession to liberty, and after all only acknowledge military necessity as our motive. It took us two years to learn even this necessity.

But however we may criticize him, we are to be saved by the President, if not by the shortest way, perhaps by the best.

The speaker said his hopes were not based on Sumter, or on any gains or reverses at Vicksburg, but were founded on principle. The rebellion began when the first slave was enthralled. It now but breaks out from concealment. As the heavenly system of planets did not accommodate itself to the various theories of astronomy, but these to it, so by degrees we approach a knowledge of those principles of liberty which abide forever. At first, we sought in the Constitution to make the lion and the lamb lie down together, and slavery grew till the last hair was split, and it was death or victory. To-day we are rid of compromise, and must either conquer or be conquered. My hope, said Mr. M., is in God himself, who, Vicksburg or no Vicksburg, is ever armed, ever ready, almighty.

A song—"The Flag of our Union forever,"—was here given with excellent effect, by the Hutchinsons.

Mr. Garrison expressed a feeling common to the whole Convention when he regretted the absence of Wendell Phillips, prevented by domestic affliction from taking his accustomed part in these meetings. The cause, fortunately, does not rest on persons. It goes on triumphantly spite of all opposition, and the hour is full of hope and promise.

By request, the Hutchinson Family repeated the John Brown Army Hymn.

The Convention here gave a unanimous vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Asa Hutchinson and their children, for the great assistance and pleasure they have afforded to the Convention by their beautiful and appropriate songs.

☞ The total cash collections by the Finance Committee of the Convention amount to $376,66.

The Convention, soon after 10 o'clock, p.m., adjourned *sine die*.

SAMUEL J. MAY, *President*.

Charles K. Whipple, Samuel May, Jr., } *Secretaries*.

STONEMAN'S CAVALRY RAID.

The subjoined letter is from the Philadelphia *Ledger*. It is from our young friend, Lieut. Lewis Thompson, late a member of the Philadelphia Junior Anti-Slavery Society, now an active emancipator in the United States Cavalry.

Camp, Near Morrisville, May 12, 1863.

My Dear Father: We started from our camp at Falmouth four weeks ago to-day. I took no baggage but the clothes I wore, a tin cup, plate, knife and frying-pan. For ten days no unusual hardship marked the trip. We marched and picketed on the North of the Rappahannock and waited for the rains to cease. On the 28th we forded the river. That day it rained, and our pack-mules with blankets did not cross on account of the rise in the water. The rains continued almost daily. The small streams became torrents and the large ones could only be crossed by swimming our horses. On the night of the 29th, having marched all day, I was detailed for picket duty, and posted on a cross-road, with thirty men, and orders to "hold the place." I stationed my men, and hearing some noise in front, dismounted and went quietly to see what the row was about. Found two squadrons (about 150 men) of rebels in camp, evidently unconscious of our approach. I hurried back, had my party build a barricade, and sat quietly in the rain, like Paul, "wishing for the day." The rebels charged down the road about three o'clock in the morning, and came slap into the tree I had put across the road, and received a volley from the guard which sent them back quickly. It was so dark I don't know whether any fell or not. We moved at daylight, and the next night crossed the Rapidan; from thence swarmed through the country. The expedition divided into many parties; I don't know how many. I was at one time within three or four miles of Richmond. We went everywhere, cutting railroads and telegraps, burning bridges, seizing horses, skirmishing, and playing the deuce generally. *Wherever we went we enforced the proclamation.* The negroes all met us with frantic delight, on their knees, with praying and laughing and every demonstration of joy. They were our guides for the roads; they told us where to get food for ourselves and forage for our horses. I do not hesitate to say that the expedition owes its successful return, its safety, to the negroes. We paid them. Every one who could get a horse, or who could travel on foot, came with us to freedom. It was a bitter pill to some of our officers, but they could do nothing to hinder it. But their curses and ill-temper showed their disgust. I never saw so much damage done by Lane's men in the West as was done here by our 7,000 cavalry. We only unsaddled four hours in all that time. We never but once halted longer than two hours in the same place. We were wet with rain and fording *all* the time, sleepless, tired and exposed to the shots of guerillas and the attack of the enemy in force. The whole made up a series of hardships which ought in reason to have killed us all; but we would not die. When I swam my horse across the Rappahannock again yesterday at Kelly's Ford, my nervous system seemed to collapse, and I am so used up now I can hardly write. Just fancy thirty days and nights with occasional baits of two hours in the rain and always drenched. Not a fire was allowed; that would have exposed our whereabouts. We were in such small bodies that we had to be on the move all the time to avoid detection. The country is exhausted in Virginia; a little ham and corn remained, and much of that we destroyed. If we can whip them before the new crops come in, we shall not need to do much more. How the North has been humbugged by the F. F. V.'s. They are the lowest people I ever saw.

Crowded.—Want of space compels us, this week, to postpone a number of articles, for which we hoped to find a place.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, June 7, 1863.

Recruiting among the colored people of this district is slow work, and it is not surprising that it is so. The young men among the colored people, as a general thing, do not manifest any enthusiasm for the war. They are afraid of the enemy—of his inhuman cruelties which he knows so well how to pour upon the head of the black man. The colored people of this district stand in awe of Jeff. Davis at this hour, and it is not simply the old inbred fear of a slaveholder, it is the rude instinct of the negro which teaches him that the Rebel government is the boldest, the ablest, and so far the strongest. Therefore when Jeff. Davis says he is going to hang all the negroes he can catch bearing arms, the colored people here are very much afraid that he will execute his threat. They somewhat doubt the ability of the legitimate government to protect, and have a lurking fear that in the presence of dangers the government may desert them. There is really no danger of this. The government will eventually protect the men in its service, whether black or white. Mr. Lincoln means to do this—so does Mr. Stanton, and they will do it. But that is not the point. The black man feels that his lot is one full of peculiar dangers, if he is a soldier. The rebels threaten to hang him if he is taken a prisoner. Why does he not deserve the promise of this government, under these extraordinary circumstances, the public promise, that by the most severe retaliatory proceedings the government will compel the rebel authorities to treat him precisely as they do white soldiers? The President waits. I cannot believe that it is from any doubts respecting his course, because he is naturally cautious, not to say timid. But while he hesitates he will get very few negro volunteers. The draft may bring them into the service, but not many in this region will volunteer until they are assured protection by the government. Two companies have been raised—of colored troops—in the district, where there is a very large colored population. I see them upon the avenue every few days, and they march well—they look like fine soldiers, which I have no doubt they will soon become. The people of this pro-slavery town are getting used to the sight of negro troops and will ere long become converts to the doctrines of the government. But attacks upon the contrabands, and upon the colored soldiers when they are off duty, are not uncommon. It seems sometimes as if the government was not as careful of the rights of this class of men as it should be. We have troops enough here to utterly crush any exhibition of pro-slavery meanness and violence. Yet the government teamsters attack the contrabands, and white soldiers insult and assault black soldiers when they can do so with safety. There is not vigor enough in enforcing good treatment of this class of troops. Mr. Stanton is great at *talking* in his office, but he is weak when it comes to acts. Yet something is pardonable to a man who is so overwhelmed with work as he must be, though this is no good excuse for the neglect of the colored troops, or of the colored people here.

It is not yet safe to defend a slave in the courts in this Capital of the nation which is fighting for freedom and good government! How it must sound in Europe when the newspapers state that two eminent lawyers have been indicted by a grand jury of Washington for defending a slave in the courts! This doesn't give color to the statement that the Administration is anti-slavery. These things are inconsistencies. The Administration means to do well, but it is weak in some respects.

The President has at last interfered with General Burnside. It would have been better to have done so at first in Ohio, and not have waited till his own State was affected. As the case now stands Mr. Lincoln is accused of gross partiality. Valandigham is arrested in Ohio, while worse traitors defy the government in New York. But however the President blundered before, he is clearly right now. Let there be no interference with the press, except by law and through the Courts. I like the reason given by the editor of a German Republican paper in Ohio for opposing the suppression of Copperhead newspapers. "When the Democrats get into office they will suppress *our* newspapers!" That is exactly what they will do if this thing is permitted. Speech and printing will depend entirely upon physical power. Let the Democrats (to suppose what is almost impossible) obtain power and make a compromise with the rebels upon the basis of a pro-slavery government, it would instantly be claimed that the good of the country required that all agitation of the question of slavery must cease. This would be final. It is the good of the country which now justifies the suppression of Copperhead journals. Necessity is the plea. The same plea would be used by the Democrats, and free speech in this country would be at an end. The President is right. Let the Chicago *Times* be published, and if its course is treasonable, Mr. Blair can exclude it from the mails—from all the railroads. The *law* gives the Postmaster-General this power and he can exercise it at will.

The course of the government is plain. The enrolment will be proceeded with in all the States. If any rebel sympathizer attempts to obstruct it, let him be promptly arrested and punished. The draft will be made at the proper time. If any Copperhead resists it, let him be summarily punished. This is the regular course of the law. The government will find legitimate opportunities enough to meet the home-traitors upon the vantage ground of law, and when it thus meets them, *let it crush them to powder*.

Fernando Wood, after his villainous speech in New York, has had the impudence to come to Washington *and call upon the President!* His speech, every intelligent man in New York knows, is far worse than any Vallandigham was ever guilty of, and Wood's friends say that he came here that he might boast of having faced the President in his own mansion after having denounced him in New York and denounced the war as well. It was a most impudent performance, and a good many Republicans here insist that Mr. Lincoln should not have seen the bold bad man. But Mr. Lincoln has a way of his own in such matters, and this time he preferred to have a pleasant half-hours chat with the great Copperhead of New York instead of throwing him into the Old Capital prison. Stanton's way would have been to arrest the traitor on the spot, but the President would not hear for a moment to such a course. The President undoubtedly is right.

Avon.

The Struggle in Missouri.—The St. Louis correspondent of *The Tribune* says:

"Immediate emancipation is the chorus of the Emancipationists in the interior from the centre to the boundary lines of the State. Formerly St. Louis was ahead of the State, but, if such a thing is possible, the State is now ahead of St. Louis. The delegates to fill the vacancies in the State Convention have been elected in nearly every instance, outside of the city as well as in the city. The glorious triumph of Chas. D. Drake, the Immediate Emancipation candidate, has already been referred to in your columns. There is another instance still more striking: C. B. Walker, a rampant Radical, has been elected from the extreme South-Western Senatorial District. Mr. Walker was sent to the Legislature last year from McDonald County, but owing to his radicalism the Claybanks and Copperheads hunted up some flaw in the election returns and ousted him, on the ground that some of the votes were cast for him by non-residents. Mr. Walker is the author of the bill introduced into the Assembly repealing the Slave Code of Missouri, and breaking down at one blow all the barriers dividing master and slave. It was called the bill for the wholesale destruction of slavery. He has been sent to the State Convention by a large majority. Radicals have been elected in Cape Girardeau and in the Springfield District. The press is calling for Immediate Emancipation with one voice."

A Colored Surgeon.—The New Bedford (Mass.) *Standard* says: "Dr. William P. Powell, Jr., a colored man, well known in this city, his father formerly residing here, but lately practising in New York, who received his education in England as a Physician and Surgeon, has been appointed Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Army, and is stationed at the Contraband Camp in Washington. Dr. Powell is a young man of much promise and will no doubt fully meet the expectation of his friends."

The Rebellion Record, Part XXXI., closes the fifth volume. It brings the Diary of Events up to the 10th of October, 1862, the collection of Documents and Narratives to the same date, and contains title-page, contents and index; besides likenesses of Brig.-Gen. D. B. Birney and Major-Gen. E. D. Keyes. The sixth volume will embrace the period between Oct. 10, 1862, and June, 1863. New York: G. P. Putnam, 441 Broadway; C. T. Evans, 448 Broadway.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Baton Rouge, La., Steamship Matanzas, Brig.-Gen. Daniel Ullmann's Command, 2d Regt. U. S. V., Depar't Gulf, April 29, 1863.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

There is so much of interest here that I scarcely know where to begin to "draw up my statement"; and writing conveniences are among the rarest luxuries. First in prominence here, as we come up the river, is the magnificent ruin of the State-house, this being the capital of the State. There had been a lavish expenditure in building, and laying out the grounds. At first sight, this pile is so beautiful, so light, tasteful and airy, as it stands on the very first and only knoll of rolling land one sees for very many days in coming round by sea, that it cannot fail to delight the Northern heart. For two hundred miles up the Mississippi this is the first natural bank. The levees, now, while the river is so full, seem only a childish contrivance (to borrow a "down East" expression) "to keep the water from slopping over"! But now, all its "former glories fled"—shot-riddled, a mere shell externally, hollow, chamberless, empty and void, these "bare walls" stand like a great white ghost, stainless of all traces of smoke or fire. It is still a "thing of beauty." "So perish all who seek the ruin of our race." Let them be like all effete and obsolete institutions of the past—harmless forevermore, "yet beauteous in the distance."

I visited the cemetery yesterday, the battle-ground of this town, where the rebel Breckinridge made so obstinate a stand. The old vaults and tombstones all bear marks of severe fighting. Those who were present at the time say that the dead were piled up three or four high behind these vault coverings. However that may be, I counted one hundred and forty graves of the Maine 22d and Massachusetts 52d in a small space in this ground, every grave marked with a neatly-lettered head-board. Indeed, indeed "New England's dead" are here! There has been much sickness and death this year from typhoid fever, and the several cemeteries bear witness to the want of the excellent sanitary regulations introduced in New Orleans by Gen. Butler last Summer. For one mile along the bank of the river, and "*up* stream" above the town, are hundreds of tons of the filthiest offal; this runs *down*, and, draining past, is "haled" up again and drank! The river water is generally preferred to cistern or rain water, there being no springs here. If this offal were deposited *down* stream, past the town, it seems to me it would be more sensible. The *old* cemetery is situated on a knoll; opposite this is another piece of rising ground occupied by 2,000 of the finest *material* for soldiers I have yet seen. They are stalwart fellows, and as fine models for beautiful physique as the most fastidious artist could desire—black as ebony, and as shiny too! Their full faces and rounded limbs form a subject of remark, and contrast strikingly with the sharp and angular outline of visage of our white troops. In fact our white soldiers "dwindle, peak and pine," in this place. Here, in this colored camp, are some of the very victims of many of those, their former masters and mistresses, who lie over there in that burying-ground. Those have gone to rest, we hope; the "living dead" are still fugitives, not particularly from the *United States*, but from Divine Justice.

The colored regiments drill twice each day. We have been present at both company drills and dress parade. It is the general remark, that "they do very well, remarkably well, *considering*." Perhaps you are anticipating the *allowance* made, and the mitigating circumstance to be, "considering they are 'niggers.'" But that is not the case. Our officers, without exception, are surprised into unqualified praise, both as regards their soldierly bearing and the neatness and cleanliness of their camp; and after witnessing the *material* of their white officers and drill instructors, spectators remark, "They do very well, remarkably well, considering their officers were the *poorest, meanest* white men in the service." Of course there are excellent exceptions. At the time they were recruited, and subsequently officered, no one would take command of a "nigger" company! Now, these very officers are nervously anxious lest Gen. Ullmann's fine, dashing, spirited-looking young fellows should take their positions! For such was the rumor, whispered around town, as we made our descent on the place, and of *course* we made a sensation to that effect. With our new, clean uniforms, we presented a striking contrast to the greasy, careless, slouchy appearance of those who pretended to consider themselves *demeaned* by the doubtful promotion! It was indeed a bomb-shell in their camp! And some of them will, no doubt, "lose their heads" deservedly, whether any of "*ours*" take their place or no. But we "scorn the action"—*we* are already separated into different "recruiting parties," and some of us move down the river on the Mississippi steamer Morning Light to-morrow for that purpose, preferring to have our own men fresh rather than take their half-shiftless tinkering. Besides, their ambition will be roused to excel us, and we hope it may not prove over-weening conceit to add, that we in turn will give a respectable impulse to the (supposed) experiment. The third regiment of officers, Col. Hamlin (son of the Vice-President), stays here. The Second and Third will go, we understand, to St. Mary's parish, Bayou Teche. The Fourth and Fifth go to New Orleans. We are thus separate, as I before remarked, for recruiting purposes.

In a few of the colored companies here there are still some colored *line* officers, but the littleness of some of those white line officers of the colored companies was foolishly exhibited, a few days ago, in their indecent haste to have *us* take the positions of the colored officers! *But this will not be done—merit, not complexion*, is to settle the question. I have knowledge sufficient as a foundation for this statement.

I was accidentally a witness to a fine exception to the above species of "grovelling" yesterday. A partially drunken white soldier, seeing a colored soldier with a bottle of sweet oil, and fancying it to be whiskey, demanded a drink, which was, of course, not acceded to. Without more ado, the white dashed a porter bottle into the face of his colored brother, making a severe wound and causing the blood to flow profusely. At this juncture a white captain interfered, and ordered the arrest of the offender, who seized two bricks, one in each hand, intending to hurl them at the captain, who immediately throttled his man, shaking him with a very disagreeable oscillatory motion, till the bricks dropped harmless on the ground; then, planting a couple of blows, in rapid succession, in the countenance of my "superior white race," handed him over to the guard, to be disposed of as "military necessity" directs. The Captain was quite a young man, and acted thus entirely from a sense of justice, aggravated to it, doubtless, from the fact that upon ordering the arrest, there were evident signs of "sympathy" on the part of the guard.

The rose enclosed is from the graves of our New England soldiers. Flowers are growing here in wild luxuriance, and I send these leaves from this place principally because I think the graveyard will be classic, historic ground—historic it must be. *Our* work progressing, 'twill be remembered as the first regular camping ground, where a people emerging from darkness into light stood erect and free, and aided by the magnanimity of their more fortunate white brethren, shook off the slavish fear, the nightmare cowardice and weakness from their hearts, warmed into life and manhood—a new creation, bringing with them the *new* civilization, the very newest of the New Jerusalems.

I cannot close this without noting down the significant fact that the name neatly lettered at the head of one clean avenue was "Fremont street"; in another, the brick walk in front of a colored Captain's tent was ingeniously paved in such a manner as to bring into prominence the name of *Hunter*. Butler, too, was here "lifted up" on the hearts of these grateful people.

But my duty here cuts me short. I scarcely think I shall have much time to correspond; but do send me some Standards, and what other anti-slavery matter you can spare. Here is a rich field. Our officers want freer air, many of them, than they have been accustomed to; and *here* anti-slavery eloquence will give a rich return. Send me papers, and charge them to me. Yours, truly, Capt. D. Fraunces, 2d Regt. U. S. V.

The Freedman's Relief Society of Washington will, we learn, probably have to bear the expense of the Fugitive Slave litigation now going on in the Courts of that city. A more virulent negrophobia prevails now in Washington since the action of the Court and the organization of a colored regiment than ever before.

A Picture for the Times.—We have received from W. T. Carlton, a Boston artist, a photographic copy of a sketch by himself, entitled, "Watch Meeting, Dec. 31st, 1862—Waiting for the Hour." It represents a group of slaves—men, women and children of various shade—assembled in a hovel to watch the coming of the new year and the proclamation. Mothers with babes in their arms sit expectant, and in the rear background is a stalwart man wearing an iron collar and bearing a torch, the light of which falls upon the proclamation of Freedom posted up behind him. On the other side the moonlight breaks the roof of the hovel in the form of a cross, and a negro is seen bearing the stars and stripes out into the night. It is very good both in the conception and the execution.

The London Quarterly Review for April (American Edition, L. Scott & Co., 38 Walker st.) contains eight papers, with the following titles: 1. Industrial Resources of British India; 2. The American War — Fort Sumter to Fredericksburg; 3. History of Cyclopædias; 4. The Salmon Question; 5. Biblical Criticism—Colenso and Davidson; 6. Poland; 7. Sensation Novels; 8. Kinglake's Crimea. It is needless to say that the article on the American War is a tissue of special pleading in behalf of the South.

If you must take medicines then take Ayer's which are by far the most effectual remedies to be had any where.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

A dispatch from Murfreesboro, Tenn., June 9, says: "A lady from Shelbyville arrived to-day, and says that the report of the surrender of Vicksburg and the garrison of 12,000 men was prevalent in the rebel camps. A later arrival confirms this rumor. A person states that the rebel papers had published the particulars of the capitulation." This may be true, and then again it may not. Authentic accounts to the 30th ult. state that the siege was progressing admirably, famine was beginning to tell on the foe, and the capture or surrender of the place was considered certain, and that speedily. Our forces were in fine spirits, and our siege guns within pistol shot of the enemy's works. All apprehensions of an attack by Johnston were believed to be groundless. We held all the passes to Vicksburg, and had completely blocked them against any possible advance.

Admiral Porter reports to the Navy Department that the second expedition up the Yazoo River resulted in the destruction of nine steamers—some of them destroyed by the rebels themselves.

Gen. Banks, in an official report of the siege of Port Hudson, just received by the War Department, estimates his losses between the 23d and the 30th of May—which includes the great battle of the 27th—at nearly one thousand.

The leading cavalry commander of the rebels, J. E. B. Stuart, since the battle of Chancellorsville, has been massing, drilling and supplying a large force of cavalry at or near Brandy Station, five miles south of Culpepper—probably the largest cavalry force ever collected by the rebels, numbering from ten to fifteen thousand. This force was understood to be about ready to move, with the intention of penetrating Maryland and Pennsylvania, and perhaps other Northern States, carrying devastation in its course. Gen. Hooker, however, concluded to effectually interfere with the arrangement, by attacking the rebels before they started. With this view, he sent to the vicinity a force of cavalry and artillery equal to that of the rebels, with several thousand picked infantry, and it is supposed that this force reached their destination on Tuesday. It is reported that a fight took place, but we have no particulars.

Gen. Banks made an assault upon Port Hudson on the 27th ult. In his official report, dated May 30, he says: "The enemy was driven into his works, and our troops moved up to the fortifications, holding the opposite sides of the parapet with the enemy on the right. Our troops still hold their position on the left. After dark, the main body, being exposed to a flank fire, withdrew to a belt of woods, the skirmishers remaining close upon the fortifications. The behavior of the officers and men was most gallant, and left nothing to be desired. Our limited acquaintance of the ground and the character of the works, which were almost hidden from our observation until the moment of approach, alone prevented the capture of the post." Gen. Banks's testimony to the valor of the colored troops in this engagement will be found in another place.

The President has disapproved so much of Gen. Burnside's order as suppressed the Chicago *Times*, and Gen. Burnside has revoked the whole order, and so *The Times* and *The World* are no longer under ban in the Department of the Ohio.

The report that Gen. Hunter had been superseded by Gen. Gilmore is contradicted. It is rumored that Gen. Saxton's representations to the President were such as to completely foil the plans of Gen. Hunter's enemies.

The Army and the Negroes.

Everywhere the American General receives his most useful and reliable information from the Negro, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom."—Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

A COLORED BRIGADE TO BE RAISED IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Philadelphia *Press* of Monday says: The bravery and endurance displayed by the Second Louisiana colored regiment, at Port Hudson, has settled all doubts as to their fighting qualities. Gen. Lafayette Bingham, of Washington, is now in this city and will at once commence the work of organizing a Philadelphia colored brigade, having been authorized to do so. On Saturday morning about two hundred colored recruits, raised in the interior of the State, passed through the city on their way to Massachusetts. Their appearance created quite a sensation among the colored people in the southern section of the city, and hundreds followed them through the streets cheering loudly as they took their departure.

FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

A gentleman who has just arrived in Boston from Newbern, North Carolina, informs the Boston *Traveller* that Gen. Wilde has met with the heartiest support, in his efforts to raise colored soldiers, from Gen. Foster and the officers of the Massachusetts regiments. In three days after his arrival five hundred recruits were obtained. They have been uniformed and armed, and are now in camp. The blacks were holding recruiting meetings in their churches every afternoon. The meetings were conducted by themselves, and the highest religious enthusiasm exists among them. They look upon Gen. Wilde as having been sent by the Lord to give them their liberty. Recruiting offices were about to be opened at Washington, and there was no doubt that the brigade would soon be filled. Many of the freedmen have been employed by the government for months without payment, but they feel confident that justice will be done them, and work cheerfully.

Just before the gentleman left, a colored woman entrusted to him about one hundred dollars in money, which had been contributed by colored women in Newbern to purchase a flag for the first regiment of Wilde's brigade.

BRILLIANT RAID BY COL. MONTGOMERY'S REGIMENT.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

Hilton Head, S. C. June 4, 1863.—One of the most brilliant raids since the Department of the South was created has just been successfully made by Col. Montgomery of the 2nd South Carolina.

Upon information obtained from negroes who came in from the main land, last week, Gen. Hunter came to the conclusion that he could fill one of his negro regiments without going to Florida, and that the rice swamps, but a few miles from Beaufort, would give him the required number. Although about to start upon another expedition, of more apparent importance, Col. Montgomery was ordered to embark two hundred picked men from his regiment, and with the Harriet A. Weed, John Adams, and the Sentinel, proceed up Coosaw River, effect a landing, and penetrate the main land at least 25 miles.

How ably Col. Montgomery executed the task assigned to him, the crowded decks of the above-named vessels and the old Baptist Church in Beaufort, filled with stout negroes, fully testify. One thousand valuable negro chattles, several hundred bags of hominy, a fine lot of blood horses, and any amount of household furniture, are the trophies he returned with.

Col. Montgomery left Beaufort yesterday morning, effected his landing without opposition, found two deserted forts and any number of rifle-pits, which will be remembered had been used but a few weeks since in the destruction of the steamer George Washington, put a few men in the forts, a few more in the rifle-pits, and then threw out the balance of his little force as skirmishers, thus completely deceiving the enemy and leading him to suppose that he had a large force in reserve, when in reality he had not a man. The enemy was about three regiments strong, and had infantry, artillery and cavalry. The rebel artillery and cavalry advanced, but upon discovering the strong picket force, black heads peering over the earthworks, and three steamers lying off in the stream, came to the conclusion that we were too strong for them, and that it would be prudent to retire, and that, too, precipitately. They did retire, and left the splendid rice plantations for a distance of 25 miles entirely at the mercy of Col. Montgomery. The moment the rebel force retired, the negroes from the plantations came flocking into our lines by hundreds and thousands, and had there been time and transportation, five instead one thousand might have been brought off.

It is impossible to describe the eagerness with which these negroes sought the opportunity to escape. They were willing to come, many of them almost in a nude state, rather than be left behind. But Col. Montgomery, notwithstanding the value of time, took everything very coolly, and gathered together all the provisions and furniture he could find, and after sacking every house known to belong to some notorious rebel, set fire to it, and under its light fell back to his boats, embarked his men and his property. By daylight this morning he lay anchored off Beaufort, having been absent not quite twenty-four hours.

To recapitulate: Col. Montgomery has brought off with him six hundred thousand dollars worth of chattel property, has destroyed fifty dwelling-houses, has demonstrated beyond all question that negro soldiers will follow wherever a brave man dare lead, and that the slaves on the rice plantations of South Carolina are eager to reach our lines, and the male portion of them to enter the service of the government in the capacity of soldiers.

The following is Col. Montgomery's official dispatch:

"Beaufort, June 31, 1863.

"*To Maj.-Gen. D. Hunter, Commanding 10th Army Corps, Department of the South:*

"General: I have the honor to report that, in obedience to your orders, I proceeded up the Combahee River with steamers John Adams and Harriet A. Tweed, with a detachment of three hundred men of the Second South Carolina Volunteers, and a section of the Third Rhode Island battery, commanded by Capt. Brayton. We ascended the river some twenty-five miles, destroyed a pontoon bridge, together with a vast amount of cotton, rice, and other property, and brought away seven hundred and twenty-five slaves and some fine horses. We had some sharp skirmishes, in all of which the men behaved splendidly. I hope to report more fully in a day or two.

"I have the honor to be General,

"Your most obedient servant,

"James Montgomery,

"Colonel Commanding S. C. Vols."

THE WESTERN DEPARTMENT.

By special authority of Adjt.-Gen. Thomas, Gen. Prentiss has detailed Col. Pride of the Thirty-third Missouri regiment, to superintend the organization of colored regiments in the department of the West. The order has been fully endorsed by Gen. Schofield, who has directed all the officers of the Department to afford all the proper facilities for the discharge of the duty. Col. Pride has also obtained permission from Gov. Gamble to enroll and remove from the State all negroes desiring to enlist, except those belonging to loyal owners.

NEW SYSTEM FOR NEGRO LABOR—SLAVES TO BE PAID FOR THEIR SERVICES.

Murfreesboro, Tuesday, June 2, 1863.—Gen. Payne writes from Gallatin to Gen. Rosecrans that he has devised and put into effect a plan of changing slave labor in his sub-department to compensated labor. Male negroes are hired out at $8, and females at $5 a month, to their former masters. Written contracts to this effect are entered into. The plan is working admirably, and Gen. Payne says that the overseers declare they never had so much work done nor half so well done before.

GEN. WILDE'S BRIGADE.

Correspondence of The Herald.

Newbern, N. C., May 26.

The enlistments in Gen. Wilde's proposed colored brigade are progressing under better auspices than was at first supposed would be the case. The recruits on the first day numbered fifty-six; on the second, one hundred and fifty; on the third, one hundred, and at about the same rate for the days following. Instead of receiving any opposition from the commanding and post officers, those engaged in the undertaking have expressed their thanks kindly to Major-Gen. Foster and his chief officers, including Quartermaster Biggs, for the willingness they have exhibited to facilitate the operations of enlistment, in obedience to orders from the War Department.

The following order has been issued by Major-Gen. Foster relative to enlistments for the colored brigade in his department:

GENERAL ORDERS—NO. 79.

Headquarters Department of North Carolina, Eighteenth Army Corps, Newbern, May 19, 1863.

In obedience to orders from the War Department, Brig.-Gen. E. A. Wilde, United States Volunteers (a gallant and accomplished soldier and gentleman), has arrived in this department for the purpose of raising a brigade of colored troops. Gen. Wild will establish recruiting offices at such points as he may select, and all district commanders, commanding officers of posts, and other officers and men, are hereby enjoined and ordered to afford to Gen. Wild, his officers and men, every facility and aid in the performance of their duties, and in carrying out fully and in good faith the orders of the government. The Commanding General expects that this order will be sufficient to ensure the prompt obedience (the first duty of a soldier) of all officers and soldiers in this department to the orders from the War Department. By command of Maj.-Gen. J. G. Foster.

Southard Hoffman, Assistant-Adjutant-General.

The promulgation of the above order is calculated to allay the feeling of repugnance and irritation which was fast growing in every district of the department against the enrolment of colored troops. It imparts to the subject an air of official authority and responsibility which our troops, bound ever to respect the mandates of their superior officers, are not likely to heedlessly disregard. The advocates of the colored brigade only claim a fair trial for their experiment, unobstructed by the natural prejudices of the white troops, and say that they will stand or fall by the result. They do not object to fair and impartial criticism—to that more powerful weapon, unlicensed and illiberal ridicule—provided the credit they may be justly entitled to shall not be withheld.

Brig.-Gen. E. A. Wilde, United States Volunteers, has been in the war since its commencement. He went out as Captain in the First Massachusetts Volunteers; was at the first Bull Run battle, and several sanguinary engagements since. He has lost one arm, and the other has been wounded in the service of the Union.

Lieutenant-Colonel—J. C. Beecher, commanding regiment in Newbern.

Major—Archibald Bogle, of Melrose, Mass., lately a Lieutenant in one of the Massachusetts regiments (the Seventeenth).

Adjutant—Wm. C. Manning.

Assistant Surgeon—J. V. De Grasse (colored).

Quartermaster—James T. Drayton.

Captains—Company A, J. N. Croft, of New York, formerly a police officer, and subsequently First Lieutenant in the Sixty-seventh New York Volunteers. Capt. Croft is acting recruiting officer in North Carolina.

Captains of Companies not Numbered—Wm. Emerson, of Roxbury; Edward S. Daniels, of Cambridge; Henry McIntyre, of Boston; Jonah C. White, Jaian Gates, Massachusetts.

GEN. HUNTER TO JEFF. DAVIS.

Headquarters Department of the South, Hilton Head, Port Royal, April 23, 1863.—Jefferson Davis, Richmond, Va.: The United States flag must protect all its defenders, whether black or yellow. Several negroes in the employ of the government in the Western Department have been cruelly murdered by your authorities, and others sold into slavery. Every outrage of this kind against the laws of humanity which may take place in this department shall be followed by the immediate execution of the rebels of the highest rank in my possession, man for man. These executions will certainly take place for every one murdered and sold into a slavery worse than death. On your authorities will rest the responsibility of this barbarous policy, and you will be held responsible in this world and the world to come for all the blood thus shed. In the month of August last you declared all those engaged in arming the negroes to fight for their country to be felons, and directed the immediate execution of all such as should be captured. I have given you long enough to reflect on your folly. I now give you notice that unless this order is immediately revoked, I will at once cause the execution of every rebel officer and every rebel slaveholder in my possession. The poor negro is fighting for liberty in its truest sense, and Mr. Jefferson has beautifully said, "in such a war there is no attribute of the Almighty which will induce him to fight on the side of the oppressor." You say you are fighting for liberty. Yes! you are fighting for liberty! Liberty to keep four million of your fellow-beings in ignorance and degradation; liberty to separate parents and children, husband and wife, brother and sister; liberty to steal the products of their labor, exacted with many a cruel lash and bitter tear; liberty to seduce their wives and daughters and to sell your own children into bondage; liberty to kill these children with impunity when the murder cannot be proven by one of pure white blood. This is the kind of liberty. The liberty to do wrong which Satan, chief of the fallen angels, was contending for when he was cast into hell. I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant, D. Hunter, Maj.-Gen.

The Washington correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* says: "Gen. Hunter's letter to Jeff. Davis causes some remark. The style is hardly military, but the leading idea in it is not a bad one. The government is decided as to its course, if Jeff. Davis persists in his threat to hang negro soldiers. We have at the West four or five thousand rebel prisoners, *and Mr. Lincoln means to have them retained until this question of hanging negro soldiers is settled.* This, I know, and if our officers who command colored troops and the colored troops, too, are not to be exchanged, then there will be no exchanges hereafter at all, and a general execution of prisoners on both sides will be likely to follow. For wherever the rebels hang a negro soldier, this government will instantly swing up a white rebel. Otherwise, Mr. Lincoln would be the veriest poltroon in existence. After having invited and even compelled black men to fight, he is bound in honor to guarantee to them the usual treatment bestowed upon white soldiers. There is a prospect of trouble ahead upon this point but the rebels will be compelled to give way. The entire world is against them in such a matter, and they will find it hard to sustain themselves against the sentiment of the civilized nations.

HOW LOUISIANA SLAVES RECEIVE OUR TROOPS.

A correspondent with the army of Gen. Banks, describing the march through western Louisiana, furnishes some interesting facts in reference to the reception of our troops by the slaves. Everywhere, he says, "they flocked out to welcome us," and are in ecstacies over their freedom. They give us full particulars as to the sentiments and history of their masters, and in other ways manifest their friendship, acting as if they could not do enough for us. One of the songs which they are in the habit of singing runs as follows:

"Massa run away, hi, hi!
Nigger bound to stay, ho, ho!
I tink dat now de Kingdom come,
Dat dis de year of Jubilo!"

At Williams's plantation, five miles from Alexandria, at Alexandria, at Cherryville, Moranville, Enterprise, Simmsport and other villages, the negroes joined our forces by scores and hundreds. At the Atchafalaya river, as the army was marching toward the Mississippi, they came in droves with wagons, horses and other property. One company came in on an immense flat-boat, which was crowded with their goods; the whole under the command of a shrewd negro, who had evidently been, at some time, an officer's servant.

Our correspondent says that every slave in that region knows all about the proclamation. They understand perfectly that they are free, and are always ready to give up everything they have for the benefit of our soldiers. The latter have come to understand this; they find that wherever they encamp on a plantation, the "fat of the land" is at their service, including such luxuries as chickens, fresh and salt pork, new potatoes, hot corn-bread, coffee, fresh milk, etc., and under these touching appeals of the race which looks up still with hope and faith, the last remnant of prejudice is removed from the army, and every man is prepared to welcome to the ranks these people, who come with gifts in their hands and love in their hearts.

Says a correspondent of *The Tribune*: "At the private residence of Gov. Moore, as on several other large plantations through which we had passed during this and the preceding day, the fences and lanes were covered and filled with negroes jubilant even to ecstacy. The great plantation bells, heretofore used to call unwilling hands to unrequited toil, now rung out a more joyful peal, announcing to these poor creatures the passing away of old institutions and the dawn of a new order and a brighter day. When first I heard the plantation bell thus heralding the arrival of our troops, it was on a large sugar plantation, the property of a noted rebel officer, whose family had the day before fled to the pine woods for safety from imaginary danger, and whose quarters had the night before afforded shelter to about 300 rebel cavalry, then on their hasty retreat. A large gang of negroes—few men, many women, and almost innumerable children—covered the little porches of the houses, between two rows of which we passed. Here, as elsewhere, the excitement and enthusiasm of the negroes was unbounded. Every possible blessing was invoked upon our soldiers. Expressions of 'O, how long I has looked for ye'—'You has done come at last'—'God Almighty bless ye'—'Tank God for the Yankees'—and many others filled the air from every quarter. I heard one old dame saying she was too old, 'but tank God for de sake of my children and grandchildren.' I think the men, many of whom have been taught to despise and abuse every negro, because he is a negro, and were encouraged by their officers to beat and maltreat them without provocation, were not unmoved toward better things by these scenes. And it is not unworthy of mention here, that in all our march through the greater part of the State of Louisiana, and through sections supposed to contain more Union sentiment than any other, with one single exception, the only cheering open manifestations of welcome have been from negroes. Others have been able to discover much latent Union sentiment cowed down by fear, yet springing up after our march, but I have not seen any of it."

BRAVERY OF COLORED TROOPS AT PORT HUDSON.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

"*New-Orleans, June 2, 1863.*—The result of the recent general engagement at Port Hudson is even at this late date, unknown, save to the brave hearts in range of the rebel batteries. I should be guilty of inexcusable reticence did I fail to chronicle the gallantry of two Louisiana colored regiments—the First, Col. Stafford, and the Second, Col. Nelson. A New Orleans Copperhead informed me that they fought like tigers. Six times did they charge upon the fortifications, clambering over a huge abattis and marching unitedly forward, while at each step the concentrated fire of the adjacent batteries lessened their ranks at a fearful rapidity. Fully fifty per cent. of their number were left dead upon the brush-heaps to demonstrate their bravery. The remainder received at the hands of the Commanding General and his battle-stained comrades that generous appreciation which their deeds had earned. A revolution in sentiment toward colored troops took place upon the field of carnage, which in itself was a glorious victory."

Gen. Banks, in his official report of the engagement, bears emphatic testimony to the valor of the colored troops. He says:

"On the extreme right of our line I posted the 1st and 3d regiments of negro troops. The 1st regiment of Louisiana Engineers, composed exclusively of colored men, excepting the officers, was also engaged in the operations of the day. The position occupied by these troops was one of importance, and called for the utmost steadiness and bravery in those to whom it was confided.

"It gives me pleasure to report that they answered every expectation. In many respects their conduct was heroic, no troops could be more determined or more daring. They made, during the day, three charges upon the batteries of the enemy, suffering very heavy losses, and holding their position at nightfall with the other troops on the right of our lines. The highest commendation is bestowed upon them by all the officers in command on the right.

"Whatever doubt may have existed heretofore as to the efficiency of organizations of this character, the history of this day proves conclusively to those who were in condition to observe the conduct of these regiments, that the government will find in this class of troops effective supporters and defenders. The severe test to which they were subjected, and the determined manner in which they encountered the enemy, leaves upon my mind no doubt of their ultimate success.

"They require only good officers, commands of limited numbers, and careful discipline to make them excellent soldiers.

"Our losses from the 23d to this date, in killed, wounded and missing, are nearly one thousand, including, I deeply regret to say, some of the ablest officers of the corps. I am unable yet to report them in detail.

"I have the honor to be, with much respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"N. P. Banks, Maj.-Gen. Comd'g."

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Miscellaneous Department.

OUR VOLUNTEER.

We gather round the twilight hearth,
Beneath the evening's pallid flame.
And softening every sound of mirth,
We murmur the beloved name.

We try to still the voice of care,
And cheerily say: "One year to-day
The dulcet drum, and bugle blare,
Allured our darling far away."

And stifling back the crowding tear,
We murmur, while our prayers ascend:
"Our Father's saved the boy a year;
He'll surely save him to the end."

His grand dog smoothes sad, drooping ears
Along my hand in mute regret;
His wistful eyes half read my fears:
"Old boy!" you miss your master yet?

The ringing voice, the eye of fire,
The lithe young form, the step of pride,
That once made all your heart's desire?
Old pet, they're sunder'd from you wide.

Your gay bark in the hunt is hushed—
A dearer meaning now you take,
As everything his hand has touched
Is cherished sacred for his sake.

Ah, does he think of home to-night,
And how we sit and talk of him,
Repeat his words with fond delight,
With voices low, and eye-lids dim?

We wonder when, with faces white,
Must be the next terrific fray;
And if the march began last night,
And where our army is to-day.

We listen to a dear young voice
Sing words of love to music wed;
So mournful, we may not rejoice;
He loved that song in summers fled.

It says: "O, take me home to die!"
What tender pain its rhythms yield;
Not thus, not thus; O Lord, we cry,
Send back our boy from war's red field!!

O, leave us not lest we repine,
If this the "glory" Thou shalt mete;
To die for Truth makes death divine,
To die for Country, it is sweet!

We love Thee, 'neath the heavy rod;
We trust Thee, in the nation's night;
Our only help and hope is God,
That Thou at last will crown the right.

The paradise of spring-time hours
He loved. In all her azure space,
Mid all the Summer pomp of flowers,
We'll yearn in vain to see his face.

In wasting march, in bloody fight,
All, all in love, yet half in fear,
We pray from morning until night,
That God will save Our Volunteer.

MARY CLEMMER AMES.

—*Springfield Republican.*

ROSA BONHEUR.

SOMEWHERE about 1820, a young artist of no small promise resolutely bade Paris and his dreams of future celebrity a long farewell, to settle down as a drawing-master at Bordeaux; for in the old vinous city lived Raymond Bonheur's parents, poor, aged and infirm, and to their maintenance and comfort the son nobly chose to devote himself. This sacrifice on the shrine of filial duty was to be more than repaid by the purest domestic happiness. Among his earliest pupils was a young girl from Altona, poor, like himself, but of a very pleasing person, and endowed with a good share of talent and energy. A tender relation speedily sprung up between master and scholar; the old people looked on approvingly, and, before long, Raymond brought his wife home to the humble household. Madame R. Bonheur, who was a good pianist, gave music-lessons; the number of her husband's pupils steadily increased, and a family of four children crowned the married happiness of the couple. Rosalie, the eldest of these, and the subject of our sketch, was born March 22, 1822. She was only ten years old when her father lost his wife; and, his parents being now dead, he decided, under the restlessness of his first grief, to transplant his family to Paris. Henceforth, the little ones seem to have passed a somewhat cheerless childhood. Their father's time was wholly engrossed by his professional duties; they had few opportunities for finding new playfellows in place of those they had left behind, and a mother's tenderness was ill replaced by the care of an elderly housekeeper, cross and somewhat tyrannical, as faithful old servants are apt to be towards children. As for Rosa, perhaps she suffered more than the others under this government. The child had all sorts of odd ways, which clashed dreadfully with old Nanon's notions of what was *propre* and *gentil*. She made friends with the whole dog-and-cat population of the *quartier*. If she met cattle on the road to market, she would run into the midst of the drove, and pat them right and left, and, like luckless little Peepy, had a perfect mania for following sheep out of town. A terrible child, declared Nanon, who could be taught neither prayers nor catechism, and who had actually only learned her letters from a gray parrot which had a knack of repeating the alphabet. The housekeeper, in despair over her charge, earnestly entreated that Rosa might be sent as day-boarder to the nuns of Chaillot. To the sisters, Rosa accordingly went. Her attendance at school became sadly irregular, but no one, it seems, interfered for correction. The truth was, that the child found a way, though by no means the nearest to school, which led through the Bois de Boulogne, not at that time trim and artificial, as in the present day, but a real wood, with stately forest trees, and wild tangles of undergrowth. Here, hour after hour, the future painter would linger alone, unconsciously drinking in lessons far more to the purpose, we fancy, than any a convent school-room could afford.

Years passed on; Rosa was now fifteen, and her father thought it high time she should be put into some way of earning her bread. He naturally consulted the sisters of Chaillot. They reported their pupil to be a strange girl, of whom nothing could be made: she had very little power, they said, of acquiring knowledge, and it would be sheer waste of time and money to educate her for a governess; the only thing on earth to which she might be put was perhaps needle-work of some sort. Before M. Bonheur left the convent parlor, and without the least reference to Rosa's own ideas on the subject, he had decided upon placing her with a dressmaker. This apprenticeship, however, only lasted one week; at the end of that time, her father, calling to see his daughter, was startled to find her looking wretchedly ill, and was, moreover, touched to the heart when the motherless girl, throwing her arms round his neck in an agony of tears, besought her release. M. Bonheur had the good sense to take her away at once. But not the less heavily did the poor drawing-master sigh over this fresh burden added to his cares, as, with Rosa on his arm, he walked home through those bustling Paris streets. Almost in despair, he looked down at the swarthy brow, the strongly marked lines of the young face beside him. This portionless girl, who could never hope to be married for her beauty, and of whom neither housekeeper, governess, nor dressmaker could be made—what in the world was a poor man to do with such an impracticable subject? Had his wife been still living, no doubt all painful perplexities of the kind might have been spared; her quick-sighted, maternal instinct would, ere this, have divined those artistic tendencies which, up to the present time, were a secret alike to the father and to Rosa herself.

M. Bonheur decided to meet the difficult question, or rather to postpone it for a year to come, by placing the young lady in a good school, where his services were taken as an equivalent. For the first time in her life, Rosa entered the drawing-class, and—though progressing as little as ever in what school advertisements sum up as the usual branches of a polite education—in it, to her father's delighted surprise, she speedily outstripped her companions. The year ended, Rosa asked his permission to return home, and devote herself entirely to the studio. M. Bonheur, who had by this time received abundant proofs of her talent, gladly consented; she became his favorite pupil, and brought to her work all the energy of a mind which had struggled into freedom; all that patience and zeal which are the true tokens of genius. Not that our artist was at once to discover her peculiar vocation. That strong tendency towards the ideal, always so seductive to the feminine intellect, till it has learned the measure of its powers, led Rosa to the exclusive study of high art. She copied daily in the Louvre, her imagination fired by the grandeur and majesty of the great masters, and hardly vouchsafed a glance at the cattle-pieces of Paul Potter, Cuyp, and other artists of the same school, among whose noble brotherhood she was herself to be enrolled. Two years of laborious painstaking, however, sufficed to teach her that no place had been kept for her in the lofty region of high art. Dark hours of self-distrust and self-torture followed the unwelcome discovery, till, shut up in her solitary attic, the young aspirant bitterly questioned whether nature might not, after all, have bestowed upon her no better capacity for art than for dressmaking. Perhaps each one of us might recall, in his or her personal history, a season of unusual depression, when memory, as if with a generous effort to relieve the fancy, has conjured up some bright scene from the past for us, with the vividness of a photograph. A similar experience broke through Rosa's restless gloom. On a sudden there flashed upon the young girl, who had no doubt been pent too long in a populous city, the vision of one splendid Summer day, when she had played truant in the Bois de Boulogne. Yielding to the impulse of the moment, she seized a pencil, sketched out the ideal landscape as it rose before her, and had learned, once and for all, the true bent of her genius. The very next morning, with characteristic decision, Rosa had turned her back on the Louvre, and was walking off, brushes and palette in hand, two miles away into the country, to sketch from nature.

"Every way to the right goal is right," Goëthe tells us, "from all points of the compass." And thus Mademoiselle Bonheur had the satisfaction of finding her honest work at the Louvre by no means thrown away. From those severe studies of the master-works of art, she brought a clearer eye, a deeper insight, and a wiser love for nature. Occasionally she exchanged her easel for a modelling apparatus, and moulded groups of animals as she saw them in the fields. These efforts at plastic art, with no guidance beyond that of natural aptitude and inventive power, must have been accomplished with great difficulty. Although we cannot consider that the animal sculptures exhibited from time to time by Mademoiselle Bonheur, have any way increased her reputation, yet her practice in this kindred branch of art has been highly valuable to her as a painter; especially has she thereby attained that firm and subtle hand in execution, which is too rare a quality among female artists.

Winter, of course, interrupted these out-door studies; she then divided her time between such sketches as she could make in a stable belonging to an abattoir, and careful study of the best animal painters in the Louvre. One living creature, too, Rosa possessed, which served both for model and companion—a pet sheep, she had bought as a lamb, and contrived, somehow, to keep fat and flourishing in a corner of her attic on the sixth story. In such wise she lived, working for very small gains, but always steadily working. The young artist, then nineteen, was for the first time represented by two small pieces, "Rabbits," and "A Study of Sheep and Goats," in the Paris Exhibition of 1841. After that date, her pictures appeared annually in the salon. The very high order of merit in the drawing, and the technical skill they displayed, were acknowledged by connoisseurs, but for the public in general they seemed to have few attractions until the Exhibition of 1848. During the previous Summer, Rosa had at last escaped from her long imprisonment in the capital, and now, from the breezy pastures of Auvergne, she sent a canvas glowing with the life and inspiration of nature. Horace Vernet himself pronounced her "Cantal Oxen" to be the best picture of its kind in the salon, and his opinion was endorsed by the admiring crowd who gathered round it day after day. Our painter had achieved the true triumph of art; she had satisfied both the connoisseur and the multitude. Horace Vernet presented her, in the name of the Provisional government, with a magnificent Sèvres vase, besides the medal of the first class awarded to the picture; and an English gentleman gave a solid proof of his appreciation by purchasing it for £600. The "Cantal Oxen" lie ruminating in a state of dull, dreamy content, which is admirably expressed. The lines of the bones, and movement of the muscles under their hides; the play of light and shadow over their comely backs and broad haunches; the breath, the white foam, the drowsy motion of the lower jaws—every minute detail has been perfectly given. The creatures are grouped in the foreground of a landscape, simple, appropriate, and faithful to nature. The sky is a bright breezy blue, through which floats one exquisite web of Summer-cloud.

Her picture of the next year, 1849, "Oxen plowing near Nevers," is doubtless fresh in the memory of most visitors to the International Exhibition. Many an English rustic paid it there the honest compliment of staring wide-mouthed approbation; and this recalls a bonâ-fide criticism, more to the point, perhaps, than anything the present writer could find to say concerning its merits. During the Exhibition, on a certain sweltering day between haytime and harvest, a gigantic farmer from the Fens, where agriculturists and water-beetles respectively arrive at amazing size, was watched as he contemplated the picture aforesaid. Presently plunging into the crowd, back he came, dragging a flustered female on his arm. "Lookee, Becky," roared Bucolicus, his jolly fist so near the canvass as to draw the attention of policeman X—"lookee, *picturs* here be about as cheap as rats in a granary; but *them's* beastses, Becky, and *that's* plowing!" Great as the popularity of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" has been, the "Ploughing near Nevers," and its companion picture, "Haymaking," now both in the Luxembourg, rank perhaps higher in artistic merit. The last, exhibited in 1855, would, as the official announcement distinctly states, have obtained the cross of the Legion of Honor, but for the sex of the artist; a dictum, so it seems to us, nothing short of a slur on the boasted gallantry of our Gallic neighbors.

In 1849, Mademoiselle Bonheur was appointed by government Director of the female School of Design. In the course of the same year, her father, who had found leisure, during the latter part of his life, to send several pictures of respectable merit to the salon, was carried off by cholera. He left his younger children to their sister's special care, and the trust has been nobly fulfilled. Auguste Bonheur follows her steps as landscape and animal painter; her second brother, Isidore, is well known as an animal sculptor, and the graceful compositions in still-life and flower-painting by Madame Peyrol, the youngest of the family, are deservedly admired. Mademoiselle Bonheur has chosen as her Paris residence an old-fashioned house in the Rue d'Assas, with a large courtyard attached. Entering this, you find a farmyard in the heart of the city; around it are stables and cattle-sheds; in the middle, a good-sized piece of pasture is enclosed, where sheep, goats, and heifers browse together on the best of terms. Here a peacock airs his train in the sun; there a knot of pigeons coo and beckon, cocks crow, guinea-fowl call, hens clamor over their brood. At intervals over the strident din of the poultry booms the deep bellow of a Highland steer, or one long bay from a favorite English hound. Cross the threshold of the painting-room, and there are these living models multiplied on the walls by studies more or less finished, but all portrait-like in their faithfulness, all instinct with that subtle charm which has been well called the painter's magic. Presently in comes a goat, evidently free of the sanctum; trots around with a critical air, which is irresistibly comic; wags his venerable beard over sundry sketches of himself, and away clatters Capricornus again. Next appears a Margot, a beautiful mare, coming straight up to her owner's easel with those affectionate whinnyings which beg some token of recognition quite as plainly as any human utterance. The figure, in a loose costume, something between blouse and paletot, seated before the easel, appears somewhat insignificant; but now as the artist looks up with a smile at her favorite, one glance at the face, which most of us know through Dubufe's portrait, at the massive forehead, at the fine intent eyes, the physiognomy, in which strength and simplicity are so rarely blended, suffices to impress you with the presence of genius.

Rosa Bonheur's works are so highly appreciated by English amateurs, that they are becoming more numerous in this country than in her own. Several of them, including her delicious "Morning in the Highlands," the "Horse-fair," the "Ploughing near Nevers," and the "Haymaking," are well known through engraving or lithographs. Perhaps the high favors she enjoys on our own side of the Channel may be mainly attributed to the vivid realism of her style. Her pictures are eminently calculated to enlarge our enjoyment of outdoor nature; this she presents to us precisely as it appears, not perhaps to every eye, but to that of the painter. There is no conventional arrangement, no vicious over-elaboration, no pretension whatever, not so much as a pretension to simplicity. What she gives us is true, wholesome reality, as observed with a clear eye, and set forth by a skilful hand.—*Chambers's Journal.*

A GREAT SECRET REVEALED.

ANOTHER of the great geographical puzzles is solved. The sources of the sacred Nile, unknown, but inquired after for thousands of years, and an object of curiosity to the intelligent from the days when Herodotus could get no satisfactory account to the present, are at last revealed by an adventurous Englishman, Captain Speke.

In a letter to Sir Roderick Murchison, printed in late English journals, the fortunate discoverer writes:

"I said I would do it, and I have done it. The Victoria Nyanza is the great reservoir of the sacred Bahr el Ahiad (White Nile)."

Sir Roderick Murchison adds:

"This discovery of Speke and Grant, by which the southernmost limit of the basin of the Nile is determined to be four degrees South of the equator, is the most remarkable geographical feat of our age, and is, indeed, an achievement of which all our countrymen may well be proud."

The Lake Victoria Nyanza, which these two Englishmen have thus ascertained to be the true source or headwaters of the White Nile, was discovered by Captain Speke on the 3d August, 1858. He set out with Captain Burton, but left the latter at the Lake Tanganyika, and pushed on alone till he reached the Victoria. He reported this water to be extensive, the southern extremity lying about one hundred and fifty miles South of the equator, and the northern reaching at least a degree north of the equator, in longitude 31 deg. or 32 deg.

Captain Speke returned to England convinced that this lake he had discovered was the true source of the White Nile. Captain Burton ridiculed the supposition, and it was received with doubt by the geographical public. Persuaded that he was right, and determined to prove it, Speke returned to the African coast, organized a new expedition, and left Zanzibar with it September 25th, 1860. About a year ago, on the 11th of April, 1862, they were reported in latitude 1 deg. 30 min. south, having discovered a river which they believed to be the first certain branch of the Nile. About the end of March last, he and the small remnant of his party arrived at Khartum, having followed the stream from the Lake Victoria Nyanza down. Of seventy men who formed his retinue on leaving Zanzibar, only seventeen remained with him.

It was a happy accident for Captain Speke, that the first letter he opened on emerging from the darkness of an unknown land communicated to him that he had, during his absence, received the highest reward the Royal Geographical Society can bestow, for his discovery of the lake in 1858. He writes:

"I think I may safely say that I never felt so rejoiced as I did when Petherick delivered to me your letter notifying me that the Royal Geographical Society had adjudicated to me their founder's Medal, for the discovery of the Lake Victoria Nyanza, the more so as the kind expressions of your letter reached me just as my trials were over."

In another letter written March 30th, from Khartum, he says:

"We left Petherick, wife, and doctor all well at Gondokoro. Baker, who was the first Englishman we met with, gave us assistance in boats, stores and money."

The "doctor" mentioned can scarcely be Dr. Brownell, an American, whose death was reported some months ago. But it was also reported that Mr. Petherick had been killed, and this appears now to have been an error.

Thus, a geographical problem as interesting as that of the northwest passage, and longer than that the subject of intelligent speculations and research, is at last solved. The stubborn earth has given up another of its secrets, and there remains now no great prize for geographers and explorers to strive for. Bayard Taylor wrote, some years ago, "since Columbus first looked upon San Salvador, the earth has but one emotion of triumph left in her bestowal, and that she reserved for him who shall drink from the fountains of the White Nile."—*Evening Post.*

A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

DEAR MADAM, I'm a soldier, and my speech is rough and plain,
I'm not much used to writing, and I hate to give you pain,
But I promised that I'd do it—*he* thought it might be so
If it came from one who loved him, perhaps 'twould ease the blow—
By this time you must surely guess the truth I fain would hide,
And you'll pardon a rough soldier's words, while I tell you how he died.

'Twas the night before the battle, and in our crowded tent
More than one brave boy was sobbing, and many a knee was bent,
For we knew not when the morrow with its bloody work was done,
How many that were seated there, should see its setting sun.
'Twas not so much for self they cared, as for the loved at home;
And it's always worse to *think* of, than to *hear* the cannon boom.

'Twas then we left the crowded tent, your soldier boy and I,
And we both breathed freer standing underneath the clear blue sky;
I was more than ten years older, but he seemed to take to me,
And oft'ner than the younger ones he sought my company.
He seemed to want to talk of home, and those he held most dear,
And though I'd none to talk of, yet I always loved to hear.

So then he told me on that night, of the time he came away,
And how you sorely grieved for him, but would not let him stay;
And how his one fond hope had been that when this war was through,
He might go back with honor, to his friends at home, and you.
He named his sisters one by one, and then a deep flush came,
While he told me of another, but did not speak her name.

And then he said, "Dear Robert, it may be that I shall fall,
And will you write to them at home, how I loved and spoke of all."
So I promised, but I did not think the time would come so soon,
The fight was just three days ago—he died to-day at noon.
It seems so sad that one so loved as he was should be gone,
While I should still be living here, who had no friends to mourn.

It was in the morrow's battle, fast rained the shot and shell,
He was fighting close beside me, and I saw him when he fell,
So then I took him in my arms, and laid him on the grass—
'Twas going against orders, but I think they'll let it pass—
'Twas a Minie ball that struck him, it entered at the side,
And they did not think it fatal till the morning that he died.

So when he found that he must go, he called me to his bed,
And said, "You'll not forget to write when you hear that I am dead,
And you'll tell them how I loved them, and bid them all good-bye!
Say I tried to do the best I could, and did not fear to die:
And underneath my pillow there's a curl of golden hair,
There's a name upon the paper, send it to my mother's care.

Last night I wanted so to live, I seemed so young to go—
Last week I passed my birthday, I was but nineteen, you know,
When I thought of all I'd planned to do, it seemed so hard to die.
But then I prayed to God for grace, and my cares are all gone by."
And here his voice grew weaker, and he partly raised his head,
And whispered "Good-bye, Mother,"—and so your boy was dead!

I wrapped his cloak around him, and we bore him out to-night,
And laid him by a clump of trees, where the moon was shining bright;
And we carved him out a head-board as skilful as we could—
If you should wish to find it, I can tell you where it stood.
I send you back his hymn book, and the cap he used to wear,
And a lock I cut the night before, of his bright curling hair.

I send you back his Bible: the night before he died,
We turned its leaves together, as I read it by his side.
I've kept the belt he always wore, he told me so to do,
It has a hole upon the side, 'tis where the ball went through.
—So now I've done his bidding, there is nothing more to tell,
But I shall always mourn with you the boy we loved so well.

April, 1863. MRAY C. HOVEY.

—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

EMANCIPATION IN THE DUTCH COLONIES.

The Netherlands Royal Gazette publishes the text of the law of August 8, 1862, for the abolition of slavery in the Colony of Surinam, which differs only in some unimportant particulars from that for the islands. It is a comprehensive enactment in five chapters and thirty-nine articles, declaring the General Principles of Emancipation, fixing the compensation to be paid and methods of ascertaining it, prescribing a term of surveillance or guardianship of the liberated slaves by the State, determining their obligations and privileges in respect to labor and support, and closing with certain general stipulations for their welfare and improvement.

This law by its first article enacts that slavery in the Colony of Surinam shall be abolished from and after the 1st of July, 1863, and the principles on which it is based are enunciated in the three following articles, as follows: that compensation shall be given to the owners of slaves, that the guardianship of the State shall continue for not more than ten years, and that the colonization of Surinam by free laborers shall be encouraged by premiums during the next five years, the total of which is not to exceed one million of guilders, about four hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The wisdom of this latter provision is in striking contrast to the improvident and stupid prejudice which seeks to banish from this country four million of its laborers at a moment when they were never so necessary to its industry and are just discovered to be no small part of its military strength.

The compensation to the owners is fixed at three hundred guilders, equal to one hundred and twenty-six dollars, for each slave without difference as to age or sex, but there is a considerable number of cases specified in which nothing will be paid. Provisions for the payment and precautions against fictitious claims are fully and carefully laid down in the law.

In respect to guardianship, it is wisely enacted that its duties shall be performed by paid officers who shall not be connected with the administration of the colonies, "nor shall they have any pecuniary interest in any enterprise in Surinam." We commend this judicious stipulation to the regard of our government as a commentary on the system put in force by Gen. Banks in Louisiana, and by Gen. Thomas in the Mississippi Valley which in effect hands over the emancipated negroes of those regions to the speculating lessees of abandoned cotton plantations. The care to be exercised by the State is liberally and humanely set forth in the article which declares that:

"The surveillance of the State is for the protection of the emancipated, and with a view to instruct them in family and private life; to prevent idleness, to regulate labor, and also to promote secular and religious instruction; further to prescribe the manner of aiding the indigent, and to make provision for nursing the sick; and in general, to take whatever measures may be requisite in behalf of the emancipated negroes, or for the preservation of public order."

The Governor is authorized to discharge from surveillance those who may distinguish themselves by their morality and diligence, and they thereupon come unto the full enjoyment of the rights of citizenship. Labor is made obligatory upon the freedmen, and they may either enter into contracts with planters and other employers, or failing that shall be employed by the government at fixed wages. Negroes not formerly settled on plantations may have a license for the practice of any calling, profession, or trade, for which they are capable. A working day is legally fixed at eight hours of labor in the fields, and ten hours in buildings, and a working year at three hundred working days. Religious and secular instruction is to be encouraged and as much as possible supported by the State.

There are other humane and just provisions in this law which, as well as those above cited, are evidences that the government of the Netherlands in decreeing the emancipation of the slaves in its American colonies has been guided by far other considerations than merely economical interests or political expediency, or even military necessities. It recognizes the necessity and duty of a paternal care over a wronged race, and while it insures them freedom aims to secure to them all its blessings, and to root out the degrading influence entailed upon them by long years of servitude. We are not yet so far advanced with our own experiment with emancipated slaves that we may not profitably observe the method adopted in Surinam.—*Tribune.*

THE MISSION OF THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL.

From The Evening Post.

GENERAL THOMAS left Washington on the 26th of March invested with full and extraordinary powers to "regulate the whole negro business; that is, to prescribe the use of all the physical force of the negro population in putting down the insurrection, and at the same time to organize the unmilitary part of it for the prosecution of productive labor in the field." Mr. Lincoln could not have chosen a better man to carry out his policy. General Thomas was born in the State of Delaware, and passed the early years of his life surrounded by the associations of slavery. For a long time before the breaking out of the rebellion he was, in fact, more the head of the army than General Scott himself, who was debarred by age and infirmity from active service. All military details were managed by him. He possessed the esteem and confidence of army officers. To have chosen a stranger to them, or a new man with whom they had never maintained any correspondence, or a civilian, would have endangered the success of the scheme. An anti-slavery man would have made it liable to suspicion and severe strictures. General Thomas was not in any degree embarrassed by opinions on slavery. He was simply a soldier, a disciplinarian, brought up to obey orders, both in the spirit and in the letter. "You know," he wrote lately to a friend in this city, "that I have not the disease 'nigger on the brain.' It is the settled policy of the government," he continued, "to use this physical force in every possible way to aid in crushing the cursed rebellion, and to provide for the comfort and well-being of the large masses of men, women and children coming within our lines." He was fully aware of the prejudices of the people of the free States against negro emigration northward, and as it was impossible to remove the blacks out of the United States, there was nothing left to do but to help them "find their home in the land of their birth." Such is the comprehensive mission of the Adjutant-General, to carry out which he is invested by the government with "full and extraordinary powers."

The first thing to be done was to communicate directly and personally with the officers and men of the army. "To render the policy effective," he said, "it is necessary that every officer and soldier should hear it from my own lips, and not from irresponsible persons." He began immediately to address the troops by divisions, in masses of from four to seven thousand; and, after stating the case fully, he invited the men to call on any one for a speech. The commanding officers responded, in every instance seconding and sustaining the efforts of the Adjutant-General, and the closing ceremony—which was to "give three cheers for the President and the policy"—was joined in with universal and enthusiastic shouts. Not a discordant voice was heard in the vast crowds that were brought together on these occasions.

The Adjutant-General gave special orders that all negroes coming within the lines of the army should be "kindly-treated, clothed, fed, and the able-bodied armed." He found some of the men already at work, but the women and children were generally "huddled together in ill-ventilated camps, in little shanties and excavations on the hill sides, clothed in dirty rags, and without adequate medical attendance in sickness." The mortality among them was frightful. At Helena, Arkansas, twenty-five hundred had died, and hundreds in other places. No systematic treatment of them had been adopted. Though serving well as teamsters and laborers, they received nothing in return but food; and instead of kindness, it was "the damned nigger," and he was "kicked and cuffed in every direction." "No wonder," says Gen. Thomas, "that so many returned to their masters, saying they preferred slavery to such treatment." But his coming changed all this. It became known that he was "authorized to give appointments to proper persons for organizing regiments, and to dismiss from the service any officer who maltreated the negro, or interfered with the policy adopted by the Administration with regard to him." His success was far beyond his expectations. "Officers of rank who, it was thought, would stand aloof, or not lend their influence, gave their hearty coöperation. The fact is, they only wanted to know officially what the government wished, and they were ready to do their part."

Arrangements were immediately made to raise twenty regiments of new troops. We have lately heard that ten of these were organized, and rapid progress is making with the remainder. These troops are to be placed west of the Mississippi river, where they are to keep down the guerillas and to protect the laboring negroes on the abandoned plantations. "They can operate back to the Red River and into Texas. I shall draw largely," says the General, "of negroes, mules, cattle, etc., from that extensive belt of alluvial land opposite, in Mississippi, stretching from below Memphis to Vicksburg two and a half degrees, and reaching out from the river midway a degree." An immense district of this region has been flooded by the rebels to arrest the progress of our armies, and by the Union army to destroy their supplies. More than a million of acres, or about sixteen hundred square miles of arable land, have been put under water. But vast as this sounds to the ear, it is but a small area on the grand map of that territory.

The military part of General Thomas's mission is, however, only one half, and in the long run will prove the lesser half of it. The other is to inaugurate "a system of culture for all blacks who do not enter the military service; to transfer the burden of their support from the government to themselves, and to demonstrate that the freed negro can be paid fair wages and yield a handsome profit to his employer." The rate of wages is now fixed at one-half the usual average, in consideration of the lateness of the season before the plan was begun; and of the risks and uncertainties inseparable from so great a change in the circumstances of the negroes. Some time must elapse before they can be brought into thorough discipline, and feel that degree of confidence in the new state of things without which they could not be content. The plan is to let out plantations to persons who have capital to stock them, and who will engage to pay the negroes wages. Mules and utensils brought in by the foraging parties will be sold to them at a low price. It is expected that many persons who have contemplated moving to the far West to get beyond the desolations of the war will fall in and occupy these nearer lands. Between the mouth of White river in Arkansas and the advanced lines of our army south there are now near two hundred abandoned plantations that may be occupied at once. The tillage is already broken, the grounds cleared, and in many cases buildings left good enough for pressing convenience. The General has found several gentlemen from St. Louis and Memphis to assist and coöperate in his plans. Among others, Judge Dent, of California, brother-in-law of Gen. Grant, has taken a plantation and entered upon it with one hundred mules early in April. Old planters who had been, or still are slaveholders, are entering into the government's plans. They are well aware that the proclamation has disposed of slavery under the law, and their only course is to employ negroes as free men on wages.

An interesting case mentioned by Gen. Thomas is that of Mr. Montague, a native of Virginia, but long a prosperous planter in Louisiana. He occupied a large farm on Bayou Tenzas, with two hundred negroes, not one of whom had left him, though our lines were not far distant. When the rebellion broke out he assembled his family, and all joined in a pledge of loyalty to the Union. He had suffered much annoyance from the rebels and many indignities, but was too old and respectable to be maltreated personally. He has taken one of the abandoned plantations, and fully adopted the government system, agreeing to pay the negroes wages. Up to the middle of April the Commissioners acting under Gen. Thomas had given out eleven plantations to true and responsible men. "I ought to have been here weeks ago,' says the General in a letter dated Milliken's Bend, April 17th, "and then I could have made the experiment fully successful; but, even now, with energy on the part of lessees and superintendents, much may be done.'

We can hardly over-estimate the important consequences that are destined to flow from the institution, by the government, of this negro labor system. It is the most practical method of carrying out the proclamation, and already promises to untie the Gordian knot that keeps the border States half in the power of the rebellion. Let it be established by the working of the plantations in Arkansas and Louisiana that the negroes will do better on wages as freed men than they have ever done as slaves, and there will be no need of the sword of Alexander.

A NURSERY SONG.

As I walked over the hills one day
I listened and heard a mother-sheep say:
"In all the green world there is nothing so sweet
As my little lammie with his nimble feet,
With his eye so bright
And his wool so white,
Oh, he is my darling, my heart's delight.
The robin, he
That sings in the tree,
Dearly may doat on his darlings four,
But I love my one little lambkin more."
And the mother-sheep and her little one,
Side by side lay down in the sun,
And they went to sleep on the hill-side warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see,
But the old gray cat with her kittens three.
I heard her whispering soft—said she,
"My kittens, with tails all so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.
The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe, she
May love their babies exceedingly:
But I love my kittens there
Under the rocking-chair.
I love my kittens with all my might;
I love them at morning and noon and night:
Which is the prettiest I cannot tell—
Which of the three—
For the life of me—
I love them all so well.
Now I'll take up my kitties, the kitties I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm stove."
Let the kitties sleep under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten.
She clucked and she scratched and she bristled away,
And what do you think I heard her say?
I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine.
You may hunt the full moon, and the stars if you please,
But you never will find ten such chickens as these.
The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves her lambs,
But they do not know what a proud mother I am;
For lambs, nor for kittens, I won't part with these,
Though the sheep and the cats should go down on their knees.
No! no! not though
The kittens could crow,
Or the lammie on two yellow legs could go.
My dear downy darlings! my sweet little things!
Come nestle now, cosily, under my wings."
So the hen said,
And the chickens all sped
As fast as they could to their nice feather-bed.
And there let them sleep in their feathers so warm,
While my little chick nestles here on my arm.

"STONEWALL" JACKSON.

GERRIT SMITH TO HENRY WARD BEECHER.

PETERBORO, May 20th, 1863.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER—*My Dear Sir:* I have read in *The Independent* your column on the late "Stonewall" Jackson. I honor him for his earnestness, sincerity and devoutness. I grant that he was a deeply religious man. But I cannot agree with you that his religion was of the Christ-type. How can it be in the light of your own admission, that he was "the champion of slavery"—the champion of that system, which denies all right to husband, wife, child; all right to resist the ravisher or murderer; and which works and whips and markets men as beasts? How can it be in the light of your admission, that "he was fighting against the natural rights of man"? Nevertheless you declare him to be "a rare and eminent Christian." I readily admit that even these enormous crimes against justice and humanity are compatible with high religiousness. But I cannot admit that he who is guilty of them is grounded in the Christ-religion and is "eminent" in its graces. For the Christ-religion is simply a religion of justice. It does as it would be done by. It is for, and not "against the natural rights of man." For it is simply the religion of nature.

I do not wonder that the Churches regard Jackson's as the Christ-religion. For the bundle of dogmas, Trinity, Atonement, Resurrection of the Body, miracles, etc., which they make up and hold to be essential to salvation, he deeply believed in. I say not whether these dogmas are true or false—originating in fancies or in facts. I but say that they are no part of the Christ-religion. Natural justice toward God and man—so earnest and entire as to fill the heart and life with its presence and power—this and this alone is the essence and the all of that religion. Think not that I look for such justice where the Divine Spirit is not at work to produce it. In order to attain to it depraved man—man who has run away from his nature—must be "born again."

Jackson had the theology of a Church. But he certainly had not a large share of the religion of Christ. Christ was opposed to all theologies—for he saw that they all stand in the way of the one true religion—the religion of reason and nature. A theological or common Church religion is a traditional religion, authenticated by miracles and other outward testimonies. At the best it is but a history—and full of all the characteristic uncertainty of history. Moreover if parts of the history or of its accepted interpretation should prove false, then, as is held, the deceived disciple is lost. Such is the untrustworthy plank on which men are urged to embark their all. But Christ's religion is no historic nor external thing. It cometh not from the past, and it "cometh not with observation." It "is within" us. It is written by the finger of God in the moral consciousness; and every one, who will listen to God's voice in his soul, will know this religion, or, in other words, will know what is right. "And why," says Jesus, "even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" Instead of sending his hearers to Moses he sends them to themselves. Instead of bidding them go to priests to get religion interpreted, he tells them to interpret it for themselves. Instead of making religious truths a mystery, which only the wise and learned can unravel, he thanks his Father for having "revealed them unto babes." Instead of teaching a religion as fluctuating and uncertain as human testimony is fluctuating and uncertain, he teaches a religion founded and fashioned in human nature, and therefore as unchangeable as human nature—a religion the same in all climes and ages, because human nature is the same in all climes and ages. Instead of teaching a cabalistic and conventional religion, whose rules are hard and impossible to be understood, he teaches the natural and reasonable religion which has but one rule—and this rule so obvious and simple that all know it and need nothing but honesty to apply it. All know how they would be done by; and hence all know what to do to others.

I am amazed that you make so much account of Jackson's theological bundle and of his being "an active member of the Presbyterian Church of which he was a ruling Elder." These in your esteem suffice to carry him straight to heaven. I had supposed that your strong common sense and large intelligence had long ago lifted you up out of the superstitious faith that any such things can carry any man to heaven. I had taken it for granted that you believed that it is his character however induced—whether by himself or by Christ or otherwise—that alone qualifies a man for heaven; so obvious is it in the light of reason that every man must go to his own place, and that what shall be his place must be determined not by his theology but by his character. But I was mistaken. For in the same breath in which you send Jackson to heaven you argue out for him a thoroughly base and abominable character—even, to use your strong and eloquent words, a "comprehensive and fundamental degradation of heart and mind and soul."

So, since it cannot be in virtue of his character, it must be in virtue of his theology and ecclesiasticism, that you send Jackson to heaven. Or, am I again mistaken? Perhaps you believe that the death of the body works moral changes; and that though Jackson died with a bad character he woke up with a good one.

But notwithstanding I believe that our character in this life is that with which we begin the next, I have hope for "Stonewall" Jackson. And this hope for two reasons. First, I do not believe his character to be as bad as you make it. In many an instance slaveholding does not deprave and debase the whole soul. Unconsciousness of its criminality and a kindly exercise of its despotic power are among the things which leave room for the growth of self-respect and other high virtues. Second, the Christ-religion will be more clearly seen and more justly judged in the next life; and mistaken and guilty though still largely noble souls, like the "Stonewall" Jacksons, will hasten to exchange their miserable theologies for it. Nay, I trust, that our Church-misled hero already begins to see more beauty and preciousness in the simple doctrine of doing as we would be done by than in all the dogmas and prayers and rites of his corrupt and corrupting Church.

But I must stop. I meant to write only a few lines. How long, oh how long, my great-souled brother, must we still wait for the open enlistment of your large powers against the theologies! I confess that you preach the religion of Jesus, and that you preach it with rare force and beauty. But alas, how is this preaching counteracted by your preaching the theologies also! The cause of truth cannot afford to have Henry Ward Beecher continue to mix up traditional trash or even traditional sweetnesses or sublimities with that religion. She needs him to be wholly and not but partly on her side.

With great regard, your friend,

GERRIT SMITH.

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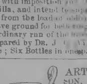
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